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JANUARY—JUNE.

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CONTENTS :—JANUARY, 1866.

	PAGE
I. JUAN DE VALDES .....	1
II. CITOYENNE JACQUELINE.....	21
III. THE SHEPHERD KINGS OF EGYPT, AND RECENT ARCH- ÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES .....	33
IV. THE ZAMBESI.—LIVINGSTONE AND MACKENZIE .....	47
V. WHAT IS A HYMN? .....	62
VI. DR. PUSEY'S EIRENICON .....	77
VII. OUR BOOK CLUB .....	87

---

CONTENTS OF THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

- 
- I. ROBERTSON OF BRIGHTON.
  - II. "SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF."
  - III. A STORY OF LAMPS, PITCHERS, AND TRUMPETS.
  - IV. DANISH LITERATURE—PALUDAN-MÜLLER.
  - V. A SECT OF "FILTHY DREAMERS."
  - VI. OUR BOOK CLUB.

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# THE ECLECTIC, ETC.

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## I.

### JUAN DE VALDÉS.\*

IN this volume the long forgotten, scarcely, indeed, ever known, Valdés has a gorgeous cenotaph or mausoleum : shall we say his remains seem to lie here as beneath a sombre magnificence of malachite and gold ? In truth, if the shades of departed authors can feel any satisfaction in such things, one thinks that the great mystic must be satisfied with the large affectionateness, the untiring assiduity and patience, the ample searching into all the contemporary stores of many languages for the remotest references to him, and the result in this, which we shall again call a truly magnificent volume. *The Hundred and Ten Considerations* instantly suggest to the reader the *Theologia Germanica* : but that refreshing little portable pocket companion bears no relation to the volume before us in its rich setting. We can almost regret this ; for the work itself, *The Hundred and Ten Considerations*, is quite a priceless and most searching set of homilies, a succession of quiet words, whose entrance gives light to the pure and simple. The *Theologia Germanica* may readily find purchasers and readers ; its price and size are not hindrances ; but the work before us is a volume for the shelves of a nobleman ; it cannot be carried about easily, and, beside the work it has been the object of the efficient editors to reprint, contains a world of literary wealth in references to, and extracts from books, of which even most old book collectors have only heard rumours ; brief, anecdotal accounts also of contemporaries, who either influenced the mind of Valdés, or were influenced by his. We think it is a fine vindication of this illustrious and

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\* *Life and Writings of Juan de Valdés, otherwise Valdesso, Spanish Reformer in the Sixteenth Century.* By Benjamin B. Wiffen. *With a Translation from the Italian of his Hundred and Ten Considerations.* By John T. Betts. Bernard Quaritch.

most beautiful spirit from the charge of Arianism, insinuated in Bayle, and repeated, with the charge of "a good deal of fanaticism" added, in Hallam. Also, Mr. Wiffen has quite dissolved Isaac Walton's pleasant little myth about him in his life of George Herbert; while he has been able, as the reward of his industry, to shed the light of an unknown grace and beauty in the spiritual kindred and fellowship of Valdés with his beautiful and illustrious pupil, the Duchess Giulia Gonzaga—an intimacy reminding us very much of that between Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna, who, by-the-by, was also another of the disciples of Valdés. It is, indeed, very remarkable that this fine life, so beautiful in its retirement and purity, so influential, although so silent and quiet in its results, should have been so long unknown. *The Hundred and Ten Considerations*, although long out of print, was introduced to English readers two hundred years since, in illustrious companionship: Nicholas Ferrar translated it; Thomas Jackson prefaced it; Ferrar sent his translation over to George Herbert, who annotated it, and, we can well believe, with singular delight and sympathy received it. In Italy, the thoughts of this and kindred books published by Valdés, drew round him, in his villa at Naples, the fine, pure spirits of the time—noblemen, scholars, and churchmen; also, as we have seen, high-born and royal-hearted women. These, in the course of a few years, scattered the doctrines they received in the Sabbath meetings of Valdés, over Southern Europe, Spain, and Italy. It is quite a marvel to us that he escaped the Inquisition, and probably he was indebted for this deliverance, in some measure, to his friendship and intimacy with Charles V.; though emperors and kings had but little power to save those whom the Inquisition had foredoomed. It is not too much to say, that many such as Valdés expiated their offensive holiness and spiritual freedom at the stake. They were, perhaps, not possessed of his power of spiritual interpretation, but rose to the same high-hearted heroism against the ecclesiastical vices and superstitious impurities of the time.

Juán de Valdés was born one of twins; his house was one of the most ancient and distinguished of the city of Leon, in Spain. Hernando de Valdés had been the founder of the sublimely romantic city of Cuenca, among whose beauties our readers may remember Mr. Ford loiters lovingly in his *Handbook*. The family also had been represented by men who attained to high offices in the church; and of one we notice as singular, that Fernando de Valdés became Archbishop of Seville, revised the old code of the Inquisition, and his revised code, with a few slight

alterations, continues to be the law of the Inquisition to this day. The first Hernando Valdés lived in the twelfth century: the father of our mystic, another Hernando, in the latter half of the fifteenth century; he had several children; of these the two who shine side by side in this volume, were Alfonso, who became Latin secretary to the Emperor Charles V., and Juan de Valdés, who first appears as, for a short time, chamberlain to the Pope, Adrian VI. There was much in the brothers every-way alike, in body as in mind, in heart and character. Erasmus seems to have loved them both; and he writes to Juan, "Both in "personal appearance and readiness of mind, I hear you might "seem to be, not twins, but one individual. I think it very "proper, therefore, to love you both alike;" and in language almost too elegant, some will think, he closes his letter, saying, "rest assured I am no one's more than your brother's, and not "less yours than his." Alfonso, however, early devoted himself and his studies to jurisprudence and Latin composition, and Juan to his native language, and the originals of the Scriptures, Hebrew and Greek.

Mr. Wiffen has dwelt very interestingly, and at considerable length, upon the characters, lives, and writings of the contemporary statesmen, whose influence seems to have touched the mind of the two brothers, but especially of Juan. It was the age of Ximenes and Mendoza; but more certainly the mind of Juan de Valdés felt the influence of Peter Martyr, or, to distinguish him from the other Peter Martyr, Peter de Angleria. It was in connexion with him that our Valdés attained his brief rank of chamberlain to Pope Adrian VI., that bright human gleam across the history of the Papacy, in that day of enormous Papal vice. Our readers will find, in reference to the volume, copious and most interesting particulars, fetched by Mr. Wiffen from obscure sources of information, tending to shew how large was the dissatisfaction felt in that day by many who wished to be regarded as friends of the Church, but who recoiled with horror from its abominations. Of this number was Peter de Angleria; that shrewd observer and generous thinker prepared the mind of the brothers for an influence still more marked, when they came beneath the quiet, reticent raillery, and yet affectionate spiritualism of Erasmus. It was, of course, the age of Luther; the name of the daring monk, "the solitary "monk who shook the world," was on all men's tongues. Valdés was no favourer of Luther; and, on the contrary, he was no favourer of the corruptions and heresies of Rome. There is a most interesting letter, dated the 18th of September, 1520, from Alfonso Valdés to Angleria; it, perhaps, also represents

the sentiments of Juán, but years, no doubt, greatly changed his convictions, and would have changed his expressions. Also, the brothers were under the influence of Erasmus, that man of the greatest learning, and estimation with all parties in his age; who, while he had expressed himself in strong terms against the iniquity of the Papacy, and in favour of reformation, he was disgusted with all that looked like thorough-going; he had the curse of the refined scholar, satirist, and many-sided man upon him; he could not take his decided stand on a side; his words are well-known, as quoted by Jortin, and Mr. Wiffen, in introducing them, says:—

The bias of his disposition was clearly expressed in his own words: “There is a certain *pious* CRAFT, an innocent *time-serving*, which, however, we must so use as not to betray the cause of religion.” And again: “If the behaviour of those who govern human affairs shocks and grieves us, I believe we must leave them to the Lord. If they command things reasonable, it is just to obey them; if they require things unreasonable, it is an act of piety to suffer it, lest something worse ensue. If the present age is not capable of receiving the whole Gospel of Jesus Christ, yet it is something to preach it in part, and as far as we can. Above all things we should avoid a schism, which is of pernicious consequence to all good men.” This short passage serves as a key to interpret the conduct of Erasmus throughout his whole life.

Yet he ought to have done better; his works, as they were scattered abroad, roused among the ignorant friars—satirized with such a smart and castigating pen in his colloquies—so vehement a storm of indignation, that it needed all the influence of highest authority to save him from condemnation. As he says:—

“Whose lot so unfortunate as mine?” he was wont to say. “The Lutherans persecute me as a Papist, and the Catholics as a Lutheran! so that a dispassionate person can scarcely fail of truth which lies between them, but which the athletes on either side, in the heat of opposition, fail to see. I seek truth, and find it at times in Catholic propositions, and at times in those of the Protestants. Is a heretic one who is always in the wrong?” “What frenzy!” exclaimed his friend Juán Luis Vives, the Valencian. “We live in difficult times, in which we can neither speak nor be silent without danger.”

We are following in the course of the author of the life of Valdés, in turning aside to persons and matters in seeming to be only collaterally related to that life; but they were most



influential upon it; and, ere long, Valdés began to speak. The writings of the brothers are embarrassed, in this period, by what seems to be a mutual relationship. The dialogue of Mercury and Charon is one of the most interesting: that, also, on the Sack of Rome. In this period, these pieces are most interesting as pieces of contemporary history; a graceful affluence of style, with wit, which has been thought to be of the best in Spanish literature; but far beyond all this, the audacity, the noble audacity, with which Rome and its superstitions are impeached. Such words as these in the conversation between Charon and a soul:—

ON THE MONKS AND THE PRIESTHOOD.

CHARON: Did you not then enter the cloister?

SOUL: No.

CHARON: And why?

SOUL: Because I knew that the way in which monks live was not likely to suit me. I was told that the monks had seldom opportunity to sin, as compared with men living in the world, to which I replied, that sinful desire developed itself as fully inside a monastery as outside, and, moreover, that sinful man never wanted, let him be where he may, time and opportunities for being so, and that those persons who hold themselves far above all temptation, frequently fall more heinously and more disgracefully. True it is that I was once inclined to turn monk to escape the indulgence of ambition; but on going to confess myself to a monk, my personal friend, he told me that ambition was as prevalent among them as amongst men outside; whereupon I determined not to change my garb.

CHARON: Did you converse with them?

SOUL: Yes, with those in whom the *image of Jesus Christ* was seen to shine forth.

CHARON: Then you took orders?

SOUL: Neither did I do that.

CHARON: And why did you not?

SOUL: Because I felt unworthy to administer the most holy sacrament so frequently, and it pained me to have daily to pray such long hours; it appeared to me that my time would be better spent in trying to understand what others repeat as prayers, without understanding them, than to string psalms and prayers together, never heeding the sense of the one, or comprehending the others. Moreover, they told me that it was not well to grant orders to a man who had not a benefice; and knowing the stratagems and lawsuits incident to ecclesiastical benefices, I wished to escape that labyrinth.

ON GOING ON PILGRIMAGE.

CHARON: Did you ever go on pilgrimage?

SOUL: No; because it seems to me that *Jesus Christ* manifests

Himself everywhere to those who truly seek Him; and because I saw many who returned from pilgrimage worse than when they set out. And it likewise appeared to me to be an act of folly to *seek at Jerusalem what I had within me.*

Here, also, is a bold piece:—

ON EXTREME UNCTION AND THE LAST SERVICES OF THE CHURCH.

SOUL: What you say is true; but I kept my eye firmly fixed on Jesus Christ only.

CHARON: How did you die?

SOUL: One day I found myself very ill, and, inwardly conscious that the hour had arrived in which I was to be liberated from the prison of this gross body, I sent for the curate of my parish, that he might confess me and give me the sacrament. Having done this, he asked me if I wished to make my will. I told him that I had already made it. He asked me whether I would leave anything to his church, or to be distributed between the poor, and friars, and nuns. I replied that I had, when living, distributed what it appeared to me I had to dispose of, leaving my wife and children provided for, and that I would not pretend to offer in service to God that of which I had already lost the enjoyment. He asked me how many double passing bells I would have tolled, when I said that bells could not take me to heaven, and that the sexton, or bell-ringer, might do as he pleased. He asked me where I would be buried. I replied that I was concerned that my soul should go to Jesus Christ, and that I cared but little for the body, and that they might bury it, if desired, in a cemetery. He asked me how many hired mourners I wished to attend my body, and how many wax tapers and cierges I wished to burn at my burial, and how many masses should be said on the day of my interment: what ceremonies should be observed, and how many monthly masses should be said for my soul. I said to him, "Father, for God's sake don't weary me with these things; I leave the whole management of the affair to you; do as you think best. As for myself, I fix my trust upon Jesus Christ alone. All I ask of you is to give me extreme unction." He said that had he not confessed me, he should have thought me a heathen or a pagan, because I attached so little importance to that which others held to be paramount. I satisfied him to the best of my ability, and at last he went away grumbling. When the disease began to distress me, I cast myself on the bed, begging of all not to grieve, for I was only too happy to throw off this mortal body, and that I could in nowise consent that they should weep for me; and calling my wife aside, I commended my children earnestly to her, and enjoined on them ever to be obedient to her, and earnestly pressed upon them all to persevere in that Christian charity and kindness of which I had set them an example. And knowing that my last hour was at hand, I asked them to bring me the extreme unction; and having received that, they wanted to know whether they should send for two friars who should help me to die properly. I begged that they might not be troubled on my account, for that as I had never given them

ought to do for me when living, so neither would I when dying. They asked me whether I wished to die in the habit of St. Francis; I replied, "Brethren, you know how careful I have ever been to deceive no one: why do you wish me now to seek to deceive God? If I have lived like St. Francis, I am quite certain that Jesus Christ will receive me into heaven as He did St. Francis; and if my life has been unlike his, what shall it profit me to let this body be covered here with a garb like his?" It was then late, and I asked them all to go to bed, save a friend, whom they might leave there to read to me such passages of Scripture as I might select, and especially the discourse which Jesus Christ addressed to His disciples at "the Last Supper," every word of which excited and inflamed within me a burning desire to reach His presence who had uttered them. On the morrow they placed a lighted candle in my hand, and I, having the psalm rehearsed which Jesus Christ recited when on the cross, and whilst listening attentively to it, felt that my soul had begun to leave my body; and exclaiming, "Jesus Christ, receive my sinful soul!" I escaped from the dungeon of the flesh. And I am now journeying to that place where Jesus Christ has promised His people that they shall enjoy His glory. Understand in this the recital of my manner of life and of death, and excuse me as unable to tarry longer.

But the dialogue on the Sack of Rome contains some passages marvellous for a professed papist of that day. The following passage is most beautiful:—

ON PRAISING GOD BY BUILDING CHURCHES.

ARCHDEACON: Then you mean to say, that no service is rendered to God by erecting churches, nor the presentation of chalices and similar articles?

LACTANCIO: I say that he more truly renders service to God, who adorns his soul with the virtues He has commanded, in order that He may come and dwell in it—than he who builds a church, although it be made of gold, and as large as that of Toledo, for God to dwell in, keeping Him by his vices banished from his soul, although his intentions were the best in the world. And I say that it is very wrong to suppose that God is pleased by my offering gold or silver, if I do so to get praise, or from any other vain motive. I say that we should render God better service were that which we give to His churches, His dead temples, diverted to the use of the poor, to relieve their wants, since we know that they are God's living temples.

ARCHDEACON: Thus there would be neither churches nor ornaments for God's service.

LACTANCIO: Would there be no churches! On the contrary, I think, there would be many more; for there being many good Christians, wherever any two or three of them were assembled in His name, then there would be a church. And, moreover, though the wicked should build neither churches nor monasteries, do you think there would be no good men who would do so? And let us note it, what is this world but a very beautiful church wherein God dwells? What is the sun but

a lighted taper for the illumination of the ministers of the Church? What is the moon, what are the stars, but candles which burn in God's church? Do you want any other church? Does not the Apostle say, "the temple of God is holy, which temple are ye"? Do you want candles to light up this church? You have the Spirit, you have understanding, you have reason. Does it not occur to you that these candles are excellent ones?

ARCHDEACON: Yes; but no one sees this.

LACTANCIO: And you, have you seen God? Mark, brother, since God is invisible, it is His will that He be chiefly honoured with things invisible. He does not accept heavy payments, nor is God satisfied with gold or silver; He does not need such things, since He is Lord of all. He desires the heart. And would you see this? Is not God almighty? Were He to will it, could He not in one moment make a hundred thousand temples, richer and more sumptuous than that of Solomon?

The following paragraph, after all that has been said during the last three hundred years on the same subject, is still most amusing, curious, and disgusting:—

#### ON THE WORSHIP OF RELICS.

LACTANCIO: Would you not prefer that the body of St. Anne, which they represent as being both at Dura and at Lyons, should be buried together in one vault, and should never be shown, than that they should deceive so many with one of them?

ARCHDEACON: Yes, most certainly.

LACTANCIO: Well, you will find that there are numberless relics throughout the world in this predicament; and the loss would not be great were they not in existence. Would to God that He might remedy this himself! I have seen Our Lord's foreskin at Rome, at Burgos, and likewise at the church of Our Lady at Antwerp; and the head of St. John the Baptist at Rome, and at Amiens, in France. Then, as to the Apostles, were we to reckon them up, although they were but twelve, and that one of them has not been discovered, whilst another is in the Indies, yet we shall find more than twenty-four of them in different parts of the world. Eusebius writes, that the nails of the cross were three; that St. Helena, the Emperor Constantine's mother, threw one into the Adriatic to allay a tempest; that she had the second made into a helmet for her son; and that of the third she made a bit for her horse; and now there is one at Rome, another at Milan, another at Cologne, another at Paris, another at Lyons, with numberless others. Again, were I to say, that if all the pieces of the cross which they pretend to show you throughout Christendom as parts of it, were collected together, they would make a cart-load, I should speak the truth. The teeth which Our Lord shed when a child exceed five hundred, reckoning only those which are shown in France as such! Then, the Virgin Mother's milk, Mary Magdalen's hair, and St. Christopher's teeth, form



relics innumerable. Now, beyond the uncertainty incident to these objects, it makes you blush to see what is palmed upon the people. I was shown the other day, in a very ancient monastery, the catalogue of the relics which they possessed, and saw represented there, amongst other things, "*a bit of the brook Kedron!*" I asked whether it was water, or one of the pebbles of that stream, which they had; and they answered me, that relics were not to be a subject for jokes. There was another item: "earth from the spot where the angel appeared to the shepherds;" and I dared not inquire what they understood by it. It would make you die of laughing were I to enumerate the other things, each rivalling the other in absurdity and impiety, which they are wont to represent themselves as possessing; as, for instance, a part of the Angel Gabriel's wing; such as some of Magdalen's penitence; the breath of the mule and of the ox; the shadow of St. James's staff; of the feathers of the Holy Spirit; of the robe of the Trinity; and of others similar to these, more than can be reckoned. I will only add, that they showed me, a few days since, in a collegiate church, one of St. Saviour's ribs. Whether there have been any Saviour save Jesus Christ, and whether He left any rib here or not, let them see to it.

ARCHDEACON: It is, as you say, rather a subject for laughter than for tears.

It is for such vices and abominations as these, Valdés argues, Rome has brought upon herself the condemnation and consummation of the age, in the mingled judgments of war and Luther. We think there can be little doubt that Juan Valdés was the author of these pieces. When, however, the second piece, on the Sack of Rome, seemed likely to bring its author into danger, Alfonso stepped forward, and claimed the authorship, in his letter to Baldessar Castiglione, Spanish nuncio; and the letter this same Castiglione wrote to Alfonso, is certainly the most perfect chrysolite in the way of cursing we remember to have read anywhere. "Do you not see, perfidious and impudent fellow "that you are"—"Oh, impudent blasphemer and hellish fiend"—"Do you not fear, lest the gloomy spirits that people the abyss of "hell should bear you away from earth?"—"The accursed tongue "which you exercise, is a fire-brand on earth." Such are some of the choice purities of expression running through a great many pages, closing with a "hope that the officers of the "Inquisition would show him no favour or affection, and that "a *San Benito* might finish his life's tragedy." Possibly, Castiglione would have aided to bring this about; but he died himself a very few months after, his own life burnt out by passion and disappointment. After this, we find Alfonso in close attendance upon Charles V., in Germany, and at his coronation; he was too prudent, however, to accompany him to Spain. Snares were laid for him; and it is said even the Emperor himself

could not have saved him ; and after about 1540, he fades out of sight, and his brother *Juán* remains alone. *Juán* fixed his residence at Naples. The account given of him and his life there is most interesting ; indeed, he seems to have resided there from about 1530. In 1535, when Charles V. visited Naples, *Juán de Valdés* was one of the gentlemen of his suite ; but he led a still, peaceful, and, although a country gentleman, even a priestly life. He was unmarried, and, as we have already said, his society was composed of persons mostly of the nobility, remarkable for their piety and learning, or eminent preachers, who acknowledged their obligations to him for clearer views of Christian and Scripture doctrine. Mr. Wiffen mentions the names of many, and gives brief memorials of their lives, and the results in them, of their teacher's lessons. Had we time, *Giulia Gonzaga* would, from her relation to the life and work of *Valdés*, merit more than a passing mention of her name. Of the many interesting matters introduced by Mr. Wiffen in his memoir, none is more interesting than the account of this noble lady. *Giulia de Gonzaga Colonna* was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Sabbionetta. When very young, she became the Duchess of Trajetto. Her beauty and brightness of intelligence gave a theme to some of the sonnets of Tasso ; she herself was known as a poetess in an age remarkable for beautiful writing. Still young, she was left a widow ; declining many solicitations to a second marriage, she retired to her castle of Fondi. The lady seems, with a quiet dignity, to have held her own in the face of many troubles and litigations to which ladies of that day, especially, were exposed. Hostile claimants sought to wrest from her the powers and estates granted by her husband's will. Her praises were chanted in the poems and letters of the time ; and the society which she attracted round herself in the castle of Fondi was so considerable that she was exposed to a stroke of unexpected danger, from which she very narrowly escaped, the record of which sheds a light upon the romantic dangers to which the wealthy ladies of that time were subject. In the twilight of a September evening of 1554, the galleys of *Hyradin Barbarossa*, a great Corsair, who afterwards became Bey of Tunis, were discovered steering northward, off the Bay of Naples. In the dead of night he came abreast of Fondi, and instantly disembarked his men. His object, of course, was to obtain possession of the beautiful and wealthy Duchess, no doubt to set her up at a ransom. All the townspeople, and the inmates of the castle, had retired to rest. Presently, the clamour in the town roused the castle. *Giulia* was, probably, the first to bestir herself ; she roused her domestics. While the

Corsairs were making an assault on the castle, she fled along a passage, leading to a draw-bridge, conducting her by a gallery in the rock to the hill-side, by an opening, we may well presume, known to herself. Here she procured a horse, and fled to Valla-Corsa, where she rested. Barbarossa, missing his chief prize, and finding the country alarmed, plundered the town, and re-embarked. Of course, there were chivalrous people, who instantly hastened to sustain the Duchess; among others, Ippolito de Medici, nephew of the reigning Pope, Clement VII. He had vainly sought the hand of Giulia, and seems now to have determined on becoming a priest; a little while after, he received his Cardinal's hat. We may suppose the outrage intended towards the lady stirred within him rather the pulse of the warrior than the piety of the churchman. He assembled a body of horse, and hastened to the rescue of the Duchess. We may, perhaps, suppose him leading her back to her castle, perhaps with some flutterings of reanimating hope in his bosom, which his uncle might have made not vain, had the lady herself been yielding. Gratefully she entertained him a little while in the castle, then he left, and very shortly after, after another visit to Fondi, having taken cold, he fell sick of a fever, and died. We have made rather a long story of this affair of Barbarossa and the episode of Ippolito; but another very interesting little circumstance seems to give a warrant for it: during that first visit at Fondi, Ippolito had besought the Duchess to allow her portrait to be painted for himself. There was, perhaps, no sufficient reason for her refusing; so the celebrated Sebastiano del Piombo, the best portrait painter of his time, went from Rome to Fondi for the purpose, and there painted what Vasari calls "a divine picture," with which the Cardinal was highly pleased; and here in the volume before us, we have an engraving from it of the Duchess Giulia at the age of thirty-five. This portrait has had a singular history; it went into the collection of Francis I. at Fontainebleau; afterwards, it is said, as the portrait of St. Agatha, or St. Apollonia, it adorned the Borghese Palace at Rome. It was purchased by the Rev. W. Holwell Carr, and bequeathed by him to the National Gallery, London.

This was Valdés' most interesting disciple and friend. At the period of the circumstances to which we have referred above, we may suppose their intimacy to have been closest. In 1540, Valdés died. The Duchess continued, for many years afterwards, faithful to the great principles of her beloved teacher. One dear friend, a very eminent one, the Abbot Carnesecchi, one of the circle who listened to Valdés' Sabbath-



afternoon expositions, and succeeded him in Giulia's confidence, when called a second time before the Inquisition, terminated his holy career at the stake. She herself was subjected, in her later years, to vexatious invasions from the Holy Office; it is a great wonder that she escaped more serious persecution. Her name was found in the Abbot's correspondence with Calvin, and she was the Italian princess to whom the Abbot was charged with recommending heretical teachers for schools in her territory. She died April 19th, 1566, aged sixty-seven. In her will, she did not, as was usual, commit her soul to the care of the Virgin and the prayers of the Church, judging her Creator and her Saviour to be all-sufficient; but the editors quote a truly beautiful sentiment of confiding humility from it. When speaking of her soul, she says, "If it be "worthy to be received into eternal life," "she bequeathed herself to the Lord God Almighty, her long-suffering Father, "and to Jesus Christ His Son, her Redeemer." How beautiful are these records and traces of Christian life, in times of such darkness—most truly illustrative of Neander's *Light Shining in Dark Places*. It was for this lady Valdés wrote his *Alfabeto Christiano*. To her it was inscribed, in words which show their close, familiar, holy, and lovely intercourse with each other. Truly, too, there is very much in this most pleasant piece of instructive but mystical writing, which must be delightfully entertaining to all *un-carnal* minds; that is, an absolute necessity either for reading or criticism; the ability to know and to distinguish the Spirit's voice. The Lady Giulia comes to Valdés, complaining, as many doubtless in our day could also complain, that "she is so dissatisfied with "herself"—"so out of conceit with the things of the world." "If you saw my heart, I am sure you would pity me," she says. She refers her teacher to his knowledge of the circumstances which have happened, "sufficient to disturb a "tranquil spirit"—very likely those we have recited above—but her soul, she says, "is disquieted and confused in itself;" "her own imperfections and short-comings disappoint her." "She feels hostile affections fighting within her." She speaks of Valdés' affection and good-will aiding her outward concerns; and now she comes to him to ask him to tell her from what, he believes the doubt and confusion of the mind proceed, affections and appetites, imaginations and diversities of will; and the *Alfabeto Christiano* is his reply to all this. It is plain speaking on either side; as, for instance, when Giulia says,— "You take for granted, that as I have not known how to "know myself, so I have less known how I can understand

“God. Teach me how I can know Him.” It is all very beautiful and very instructive; but the following passage will give the reader a very happy illustration of this delightful piece:—

VALDÉS: Then, in order to understand, Signora, whence proceed the travail and confusion, which you say you have felt for so many years, I wish you would turn over in your memory *how man is made in the image and likeness of God*.

GIULIA: Let me understand what this *image and likeness of God* is.

VALDÉS: I wish rather that St. Paul may explain it to you, and thus you will understand it by what he says to the Colossians, where, admonishing them to speak the truth one to another, he counsels them to “put off the old man with his deeds, and to put on the New man, who is renewed in knowledge conformable to the *image and likeness* of Him who created him.” And you will also understand it by what St. Paul again says to the Ephesians, reminding them, that by becoming Christians they have learned to put off the old man, and to be renewed in the spirit and clothed with the New man, who is created in the *image and likeness* of God. From this it appears that, in whatever degree a man possesses and retains in himself the *image and likeness* of God, in the same measure he sees and knows, understands and relishes spiritual things in a spiritual life and conversation. This truly known, and what objects you set before your mind well scrutinized, you will understand clearly how all the inquietude, all the travail, all the confusion you feel arise; because your soul desires you to procure its restitution to the *image* of God to which it was created, and of which it appears you have deprived it. Submitting to your appetites, and persisting in crossing this image, you have put before it things earthly and transitory, not by any means worthy of that excellence for which it was created. For this reason it cannot be satisfied or contented with any of these things. It seems to you that it knows not what it wishes for; and hence you know not how to set before it that which it would desire. This state of mind that happens to you, ever befalls worldly persons who, having attained to a reflective intellect and clear judgment, knowing truly that their souls find not, nor ever can find, entire satisfaction in outward things, turn themselves to seek for it in things relating to the mind. Yet as the *supernatural light*, by which *alone* truth is discovered, seen, and known, is wanting to them, they go wandering in a labyrinth of appearances and opinions. And thus some seek happiness in one thing, some in another. I think it not worth while to refer here to examples, because this is not the point of your proposition. It is enough that you know this, that all these persons deceive themselves, and can never shadow out, nor reach to the symbols of the things in which true happiness consists, who, if they had had a little of the light of faith, would most easily and with the grace of God have acquired it, and thus they would have quieted and pacified their souls. Do you now

understand the cause whence your inquietude, confusion, and labour proceed?

We must not quote further from the *Alfabeto Christiano*. After Valdés had presented it to the Duchess, only four or five years remained to their earthly intercourse with each other. During this period, he presented to her his translation from the Greek, of the Gospel according to Matthew; the Epistle to the Romans, with his Commentary; and his translation of the Psalms, from the Hebrew. The effect of all this upon her own mind we know. We have referred to her life after his death. She was known as the visitor of the sick in hospitals; she relieved them with her own hands; cut herself off from worldly society; and, with the Scriptures and the writings of her deceased friend, she walked her dangerous path to its close, leaving behind her, in a city and age remarkable for licentiousness, a reputation more remarkable even for its spotlessness and holy elevation, than for her beauty, or brilliancy of intellect.

Our space will only permit us slightly to touch upon that which is the chief body of the volume, *The Considerations*. Valdés wrote many works, of which a list is given in this volume. *The Considerations* were, most probably, those Sabbath-evening conferences he held with his friends. "The Holy Scripture," he says, "serves me the better to understand my own book. That book is my mind, and in the study of it, when I examine what I have in it, the benefit I draw from it is to know myself, and to know God in Christ." He was a reformer, but he did not enter into the battle of the hierarchies; he sought less to destroy error and evil by opposite ecclesiastical systems, than by diffusing and building up spiritual truth and goodness. These *Considerations*, quoting the well-known words of Milton, Mr. Betts calls, "The precious life-blood of a master-spirit;" and George Herbert says of the work:—

"It is true there are some things which I like not in him, as my fragments will expresse, when you read them; nevertheless I wish you by all means to publish it, for these three eminent things observable therein; First, that God in the midst of Popery should open the eyes of one to understand and expresse so clearly and excellently the intent of the Gospell in the acceptation of Christ's righteousness (as he sheweth through all his Considerations), a thing strangely buried, and darkened by the Adversaries, and their great stumbling-block. Secondly, the great honour and reverence, which he everywhere bears towards our deare Master and Lord, concluding every Consideration almost with hi

holy Name, and setting his merit forth so piously, for which I do so love him, that were there nothing else, I would print it, that with it the honour of my Lord might be published. Thirdly, the many pious rules of ordering our life, about mortification, and observation of God's kingdom within us, and the working thereof, of which he was a very diligent observer. These three things are very eminent in the Author, and overweigh the defects (as I conceive) towards the publishing thereof, etc."

The following are some illustrative paragraphs which may introduce our readers to the method of Valdés' thought and expression. Some of those we have given already above show how much he was in sympathy with the Protestant opinion of his time. We confess having gone with tolerable care through the book; we wonder how the charge of Arianism could have originated from reading its pages. Hallam's charge of fanaticism, must, of course, depend upon the individual conception of fanaticism; every Christian is a fanatic to an atheist—all worship of Christ is fanaticism to a Unitarian. Thus of

#### THE COVENANT OF JUSTIFICATION.

They who, by accepting the Gospel, and who, by the covenant of justification established by Jesus Christ our Lord, are made sons of God, and, sustaining intimate relations with God, know God and acquire a fresh opinion of God, and form new conceptions of God, not indeed by report, but by knowledge and by experience—when these persons have recourse to the Holy Scriptures with their fresh opinion and their new conceptions, they find that written in them which they know and experience.

#### THE AGONY AND INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

Having frequently heard speak of the agony, of the fear, the horror, and the sorrow which Jesus Christ our Lord felt in His passion and death, by persons who pretended to show the cause why Christ felt His suffering and death so intensely; many having suffered and died, some as men and others like Christians, some of them without evincing much feeling, others not having shown any; whilst others apparently rejoiced and delighted in suffering, and even in death; and never having been satisfied in my own mind, either with what I heard them say, or with what I read in books that treated of the subject; finally, coupling what I heard a preacher say with what we read in Isaiah liii., and what is written in 1 Peter ii., I came to this conclusion, that God having laid all our sins upon Christ in order to chastise them all in Him, and He having taken them all upon Himself, and having known them all in general and in particular, felt for each one of them that confusion, that shame, and that grief which He would have felt had He himself com-



mitted them all. Whence, seeing himself in the presence of God, contaminated and polluted with so many and such abominable sins, it came to pass that He felt all that agony, all that fear, all that inward sorrow, and all that shame and confusion, which would have fallen to the lot of each one of us to feel, for each one of our sins, had we been chastised for them. Hence it was that He sweated drops of blood in the garden, through the agony He felt, not as seeing Himself about to die, but as seeing Himself in the presence of God laden with so many sins, on which account He prayed with His face to the earth, as a man would do, who should be ashamed to look up to heaven, knowing that he was burdened with so many offences perpetrated against God. And this truly is the reason why Christ manifested greater feelings of sorrow in His passion and His death than did any one of the martyrs who suffered for the Gospel, or than did any one of the men of the world who died from secular motives. And the man who shall have found himself in the presence of some mighty prince, interceding for the pardon of one who had acted the traitor to him, may have felt some small spark of this shame and confusion which Christ felt seeing Himself polluted with our sins, the Intercessor feeling Himself the shame which it was the duty of others to experience.

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Here I understand two most important things. The one, that if the rigour of the justice which was executed upon Christ, as well outwardly as inwardly, had been executed upon us all, each one getting his own share for his own offences and sins, we all should have gone to perdition; there not being one of us equal to bear upon himself that part of the chastisement which he would have had to suffer as his share, had Christ not satisfied the justice of God for us. And I understand that *the going into perdition* would have consisted in this, that no one of us would have been equal to stand up firm and steadfast under the suffering without succumbing, and thus we should have failed in our obedience to God. And therefore Caiaphas rightly said, if he had but rightly felt it, "*Expediit nobis, ut unus homo moriatur pro populo, et non tota gens pereat,*" "It is expedient for us, that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not" (John xi). The other thing that I understand here is that it was more than necessary that He should be more than man, nay, that He should be the Son of God, who had to reconcile men with God, for having to be chastised for the sins of all, knowing and feeling Himself charged with them all just as if He had committed them all, that He might be able to stand up against the agony, fear, and sadness, the shame and confusion, without giving way, or in any manner, or to any extent, failing in obedience to God, persevering and standing steadfast and constant in it, as did Jesus Christ our Lord, who is compared to a lamb that is led to the slaughter, as well on account of the innocence of His life, as of the obedience with which He was pleased to be sacrificed for us, being the Son of God, one and the same essence with God, which obedience is and will be to Him glory and honour evermore.



## INWARD CONFORMITY TO CHRIST.

And in these two things I understand two others to be comprised : the one, that they know nothing of Christian dignity who attempt to veil, under the pretext of Christian piety, those things which they do from weakness and infirmity of the flesh ; and the other, that they do not know themselves to be children of God who occupy themselves in enquiring, "*Quid liceat?*" "What is lawful?" for this is certain, that they who comprehend Christian dignity, willingly manifest and confess what is owing to weakness and infirmity of their flesh ; and that they who know themselves to be children of God, are ashamed of enquiring, "*Quid liceat?*" "What is lawful?" and occupy themselves in seeking out the "*Quid expedit?*" "What is expedient." attributing all they do, as well as all that which they omit to do, to their own infirmity and weakness, when attending to the "*Quid licet,*" and leaving the "*Quid expedit,*" which those persons would fain never leave who understand Christian dignity and know themselves to be the children of God.

I understand that we all have weakness and infirmity, both of body and mind. I understand that all those things wherein we minister to our bodily necessities luxuriously and with delight to the body pertain to weakness and infirmity of the body ; and I understand that all those things in which we purpose to gratify the eyes of the world pertain to the weakness and infirmities of the mind. So that, in riding on horseback, I provide tenderly for my bodily necessity, a thing which Christ ordinarily did not do, and this is a weakness and infirmity of my body ; and doing my best that the appointments of the equipage be elegant and well turned out, I purpose gratifying the eyes of the world, and this is weakness and infirmity of my mind. This example admits of being applied to everything else that we have to do with in this present life.

Hence it would be well to suggest, that they who begin to make their life conform with that of Christ in outward and bodily things, incur the risk of never attaining inward conformity, which is the essential, and of falling into vainglory and presumption. And hence it is necessary that every one called of God to the grace of the Gospel, begin to conform himself inwardly to the life of Christ, or, as might be said, in obedience to God, in patience, in humility of mind, and in charity ; and, afterwards, let him aim to conform himself likewise outwardly to the life of Christ, but only so much as may help and assist him to increase inwardly, because this is that which best pleases God and our Lord Jesus Christ.

## SATISFIED WITH THE CRUCIFIX.

I understand that learned men, without the Spirit, suffer with reference to the Holy Scriptures, the same illusion that unlearned men, without the Spirit, do with images. And it is in this way : an ignorant man keeps a crucifix in his room, in order by its aid to recall what Christ suffered every time he enters it ; and because he finds the memorial both piously

and religiously suggestive, he sets up similar images in every part of his house; and being assured that every time he passes through the house, every time he goes to church, and frequently in various parts of the town, he will find similar images, that will bring to his memory what Christ suffered, he does not seek to imprint Christ crucified upon his mind, *resting satisfied with seeing Him portrayed*; and so long as he does not keep Him in his mind, he neither experiences nor tastes the benefit of Christ's passion. And it comes to pass that when this unlearned man is moved to solicit something of Christ, that because it appears to him to be enough to look upon Him portrayed to his bodily eyes, he has no desire to raise his mind to the contemplation of Him with his spiritual eyes, so that it may be said, that he does not invoke Christ, but that effigy.

#### THE MORTIFICATION OF THE REASON.

Having frequently stated that man, in order to dwell and abide in the kingdom of God, must needs mortify his reason and his human wisdom in all and everything; this being true, it may be doubted for what purpose God placed reason in man, since He will not allow him to make use of it whilst he lives in His kingdom. To this, it appears to me that I may answer without hesitation, that God placed it in the inner man for a similar purpose that He placed eyes in the outward man—that just as the external eyes are able to see the sun, not of themselves, but by the sun itself, and likewise all that the sun discloses; so reason, which is in the inner man, is able to know God, not of itself, but by God Himself, and likewise all that God manifests.

The first man, proud of his reason, *wished to know God without God, as if one wished to see the sun without the sun*; and he deprived himself of the knowledge of God, and was left to the government of his own reason. And he, and all men who have imitated him, seeking to know God simply with their reason, by means of the Scriptures and of the creature, are still more rash than those who, not wishing to see the sun by the sun, attempt to see it by the light of a candle.

Now, this being true, we understand that God has placed reason in man, in order that he, by it, may know God; but it must be by God, and not by his own speculations. It is well that God requires man to mortify his reason, so far as it presumes to know God, and the things of God, by itself alone, without the Spirit of God,—if he desire to know God and to abide in His kingdom in the way it behoves him to do. Of this mortification we have already spoken many times, and said it is that which is revealed to us by our Lord Jesus Christ.

We fear that we have quoted at too great length from this work of delightful and manifold interest; yet we should like to give our readers one of *The Considerations* entire, and we select that one which many readers will regard as the most dangerous. Let it be noted, however, as has been remarked

by Dr. Boehmer, that Valdés teaches nothing more than that the Holy Spirit is the fountain of the Holy Scripture; that *He*, therefore, stands higher than *it*, and that *He* alone, from whom *it* is derived, can open *its* true understanding, while it would follow that any spirit speaking in opposition to the one or the other, cannot be the spirit of the Holy One, but of an evil one.

## CONSIDERATION LXIII.

That the Holy Scripture is like a candle in a dark place, and that the Holy Spirit is like the sun: this is shown by seven illustrations.

St. Peter, in his second Epistle, chapter i. 19, judges that the man who seeks to be pious, having no other light than that of the Holy Scriptures, is like a man who stands in a dark place, having no other light in it than that of a candle; and he judges that the man who seeks to be pious, having obtained the Spirit of God to guide him and bring him forward in it, is like a man who stands in a place where the rays of the sun enter, which make it bright and resplendent. Whereupon I consider seven things.

The first, that as the man who stands in the dark place is better off with a candle than without it, so the man who seeks to be pious, which is with regard to him a dark place forasmuch as his reason and human wisdom rather prejudice him with reference to it than prove useful to him, is better off with Holy Scripture than without it.

The second thing that I consider is, that as the man in a dark place does not see the things that are in it as clearly and plainly with the candle as he would see them with the sun, just so the man who is intent on piety neither understands nor does he know the things of God, nor God Himself, so clearly and plainly by Holy Scripture as he would be able to see and know them by the Spirit of God.

The third thing that I consider is, that as the man who stands in a dark place, with the light of the candle only, is in danger of being left in the dark, should anything happen to extinguish the candle, so the man who, intent on piety, has no other light than that of Holy Scripture, is in danger of being left without light, should anything happen that would deprive him of Holy Scripture, or of the right apprehension of it.

The fourth thing that I consider is, that as to the man who stands in a dark place, where there is the light of a candle, it happens at times, that, desiring it should give more light, he either snuffs it himself, or gets some one else to snuff it for him, and it comes to pass that it is put out in the snuffing, and the man is left without light; just so it is with the man who is intent on piety, being only aided therein by that which he knows and understands of Holy Scripture; it comes to pass at times, that desiring to understand more and better, either of itself, or through its instrumentality, he either interprets it himself, or gets some one else to interpret it for him, and it comes to pass that in

interpreting it, by converting Holy Scripture into human composition, the man remains in the dark, although he may persuade himself that he is not so.

The fifth thing that I consider is, that as it happens when the rays of the sun, by penetrating a dark place where the man was using only the light of a candle, enable the man to see there more clearly than before, all the things that are in that place,—the candle becoming dim and as it were without brilliancy, so that when the man is desirous of seeing the things that are on that spot, the candle is that to which he pays the least attention:—just so, when the Holy Spirit enters into the mind of a man intent on piety, and availing himself to that end of Holy Scripture, it comes to pass that the man understands and knows the things of God and God Himself more clearly than he did previously, the Holy Scripture being, as far as he is concerned, as it were without light and brilliancy, so that now, desiring to understand objects connected with piety and to know God, what engages his attention least is Holy Scripture, being fixed on considering what is presented to his mind by the Holy Spirit, and not what is recorded in Scripture.

And therefore it is well that St. Peter commends the study of Holy Scripture, restricting it, however, to the time during which man is shut up in the dark place of human wisdom and reason, and desires that this study last until the light of the Holy Spirit shine into the soul; understanding that when this light has come, man has no longer need to seek that of Holy Scripture, which goes out of itself, just as the light of a candle goes out of itself when the rays of the sun force their way in upon it, and just in the same way as Moses goes out at the coming of Christ, and the Law at the presence of the Gospel.

The sixth thing that I consider is, that as the man who enjoys the light of the sun, were he to know assuredly that it would never fail him, although he would not throw the candle away on account of the benefit received, but would, on the contrary, leave it, in order that it might assist others in the way in which it has assisted him, he would not therefore avail himself of it for objects with reference to which he had previously used it; just so the man who enjoys the light of the Holy Spirit, being assured that it can never fail him, though he does not throw the Holy Scriptures aside, nay, on the contrary, he leaves them, in order that they may assist others in that wherein they have served him, still for all that he does not employ them as he previously did, as I have remarked in divers places already.

The seventh thing that I consider is, that as it is not inherently essential in the sun, when it enters the place where there is a candle, that it should show and discover all that enters into the candle's composition, just so likewise neither is it of the essence of the Holy Spirit, when He enters the mind of a man who, intent on piety, avails himself in Holy Scripture, to show and discover all the secrets that are involved of it, although He shows and discovers that part of them which God desires be discovered to the man to whom the Holy Spirit is given.

The gifts of the Holy Spirit are diverse; and the Holy Scriptures



being written by divers persons, who had different gifts of the Holy Spirit, they thus wrote differently: it is, consequently, understood by individuals who have the Holy Spirit, by one in one part, and by another in another part; even as the gifts are diverse which God communicates to them, with the Holy Spirit, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

And here, with gratitude to many people—to the radiant and long-lost mystic himself; to his bright, high-hearted pupil, the Lady Giulia; to the many other contributors, whose letters have been rescued from obscurity and dust; to Mr. Wiffen for his memoir; to Mr. Betts for his translation, and to the lady who sent us the book, without which we should have probably been long unacquainted with its valuable pages,—we place it on that honoured shelf by the side of Thomas à Kempis, Tauler, and Everard, Sterry, Sykes, and the last volume of Behmen.

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## II.

### CITOYENNE JACQUELINE.\*

WE suppose these three most elegant, little, and presentable volumes are the first venture of the authoress into the world of fiction. Her wise little book, *Papers for Thoughtful Girls*, will certainly prepare for her a favourable reception; but, excellent as it is, will scarcely excite expectations such as we venture to think would be more than satisfied by this story. To find fault with it at once, which is ever a critic's necessity, we may perhaps express some regret that she has selected the circumstances of the Revolution for her exhibition of knowledge of French life and character. Possibly, from a mind and pen such as hers, scenes and characters may be vividly depicted; but, really, the pages of Carlyle, which have, in connection with their historic value, all the intensity and dramatic impressiveness of fiction, and the pages of many far inferior artists, from Charles Dickens downwards, make the French Revolution so familiar as to strike upon the reader as something like a hackneyed theme.

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\* *Citoyenne Jacqueline. A Woman's Lot in the Great French Revolution.* By Sarah Tytler. 3 Vols. Alexander Strahan.

But while we say this, in simple justice we must also say that Miss Tytler's mind, both in heart and character, is too fresh, vigorous, and strong, for any scene she sketches to be a mere transcript of something written before. There is a sharp distinctiveness in her way of using words, making the pictures and characters she portrays far more than pleasant and readable; far more than merely instructive; very powerful, and as abiding on the memory as they are distinct to the eye. For these reasons we think we could have been better pleased had she selected a period a little earlier. It is quite remarkable to remember how slightly, if at all, the periods of Louis XV. and the long age of Louis XIV., have been used for the purposes of healthful fiction, especially in our language.

We do not know whether Miss Tytler be an artist of the pencil and the palette, but the successive scenes leave on the mind all the impression of paintings; they form a succession of delightful pictures, and all of the homely Dutch school. The little French village, *Faye-aux-Jonquilles*, is charming, giving just such impressions as we have received, again and again, from our dear old Jacob Ruysdael. Again the fête in the auberge, and the home-life in the auberge, are just such as Teniers makes us feel ourselves in the midst of while we look on his canvases. Here, in what we venture to regard as true Flemish style, is a picture of the old French post-house or auberge, on the day of the birthday fête. We may call it

#### A PICTURE OF AN OLD FRENCH FARMYARD AND FARMHOUSE.

The old inn had ceased to be a posting-house save in name, but had become very much of a great farmhouse. This, indeed, better suited the requirements of Michel Sart, the innkeeper's elder son, who had bought several lots of the land Government had to sell, and was also steward to Citizen Faye. Work-horses and oxen now occupied the stables; calves and colts were turned into the herb-garden; sheep, goats, and pigs trotted into the sheds, and ate out of the mangers and troughs where grooms had washed panels gilt over with gods and goddesses, and polished silver harness and silver bells. A wooden gallery ran along the back of the auberge half-way up its height, and opened by successive doors into successive gables, cutting them off and rendering them private property. Over this gallery, where formerly long rows of snow-white napery and clothes had hung to dry, and where smart soubrettes had leant down to inspect the court-yard, or exchange lively greetings with the new-comers, there now were spread sheaves of hemp and flax. Only La Sarte herself, and an elderly countrywoman under her, or a staid, heavy farm-servant, clumping about in her wooden shoes, moved here and there, and minded the proper business. Beyond the wooden house itself was the draw-well, in the corner under the cleft elm, with

white sand strewn round its mouth, and a rope and bucket dangling. This, and the kennel of the great, gaunt house-dog, Marlbrook, and the swallows' nests in the entrance, were the only things which remained unaltered. Nothing, however, had fallen into decay.

On La Sarte's fête-day every door stood hospitably open; and Marlbrook, complimented with a bone, signalized the holiday by refraining from growling at the numerous company. The audience room was the great chamber of the house,—a long, low apartment, into which every guest, of whatever pretension, had always been shown. The king himself, with his diamond star and his riband of St. Louis, would have been shown there; and for that matter, he was not better lodged in the Tuileries during this summer of fierce mobs; and his fare would be harder still in the Temple. There was a cavernous fireplace, with an equally colossal stove, on which were a mass of bas-reliefs in unpolished iron, being records of strange miracles—St. Roque suspending in mid air his falling mason, St. Hubert transforming his persecutors into stags, and a still more potent saint transforming the devil himself into a grotesque, sprawling flea. Almost as lavishly exuberant and wildly imaginative work was on the great black oak chests which stood opposite Michel's bureau, and where La Sarte kept her flour and spice, and household linen. Other works of art—curious old images in wood, whose subjects extended from “the Tree of Love” to “the Seven Deadly Sins”—were displayed on shelves put up for the purpose; and the corner cupboards were filled with vessels in fayence, of the Tours porcelain, coarse but gay. In a recess was La Sarte's version of Madame the Baronne's bed at the Tour, hung with faded tapestry, and chiefly remarkable for its height; so that if La Sarte or any ordinary woman had ever occupied it, she must have mounted to it by means of a ladder. And she would then have found herself in nervous closeness to the ceiling, and been forcibly reminded of La Fontaine's pert critic, with his reflection on the stalks of pumpkins and the branches of acorn-bearing oak trees, as well as the opportune nap and startling accident which cured him. For La Sarte's ceiling was not bare; on the contrary, it was garnished and garlanded with all sorts of weapons of offence, from which the tapestry sky of the bed would have afforded little protection. La Sarte's bed recess was also her oratory; at the head of which stood her cup with holy water, and the wooden effigy, in miniature, of her patron saint.

Here, where the steam of many a traveller's banquet had gone up into the pure, sunny air, the evidences of good cheer were not wanting. Rich, juicy-looking brown hams depended from the ceiling; strings of Normandy pippins, onions, and pilchards were festooned on the walls; a sack with walnuts, and another with chestnuts, stood conveniently near the billets of wood for the stove. Neither had La Sarte failed in providing for the present refreshment of the thronged circle, in the centre of which she sat. The buffet was set out with hot savoury dishes of eels in sailor guise, pigeons with cabbages, partridges with onions; and these were constantly replaced from exhaustless stores about the stove. Then there were rich balls of paste, Neufchâtel cheese, vine leaves

of cherries, Medoc of a fair vintage, and a flask of brandy for the little drams.

This illustration exhibits our writer's power of distinctness and detail, a power of full and yet reserved detail in which, ample as the impression is, we seem to gather that she knows and applies well the first canon of art—*ne quid nimis*. The higher order of her characters too—Monsieur and Madame La Faye at their card party; Madame, who thought, "The etiquette of Heaven might be different to that of earth"; and even the noble, saintly old aubergiste, La Sarte, with her wise advice, "Never waste time and strength searching into the entrails of your soul"—are figures that give all the bearing and stiff constraint of the *ancien régime*, which make the portraits of Vandyke interesting to us. Here, for instance, is Monsieur de Faye:—

Monsieur was stout and grizzled—those foes to romantic illusion,—yet nobody could have mistaken him, nobody could have forgotten him. There was a grand air, not only in his Bourbon long nose and double chin, in the carriage of his head and the wave of his hand, but in the very curl of his lip and the droop of the heavy eyelids over his hollow eyes. He was never in dishabille either of mind or body; he must have put on and off his damask suit as Louis did his wig—curled and powdered to the last puff—in bed and with the curtains drawn. He never fretted or fumed at Madame; to her he was always courtly, bland, and agreeable. Possibly he had his errors and deficiencies, like the amiable and delightful Frenchman of whom most people have heard, who would have been perfect except for the flaw of occasionally poisoning a friend. But the sentence was true, applied to Monsieur, that "men never grew old till the Revolution. Before then they had no wearisome infirmities. When they had gout, they walked as though they had it not, and without making faces; they hid suffering by a good education."

There is a fine and delightful homeliness in Miss Tytler's style; like the dear old Dutch painters again, she is much more concerned to make every stroke and shade tell upon the heart, through the eye, than to crowd her characters together, or spread a great width of canvas, or impose upon the fancy by a glare of colour. There is the fine gloom of the Flemish school, too, over her pictures; there is, alas! very little of the sunlight in her volumes, yet they do not produce upon the heart the gloomy effect which is sometimes produced by more sunny and radiant volumes. She is a realist as severe as any of those modern writers we associate with hard, pre-Raphaelite realism in our modern school of fiction; but the high, noble purpose which, in the midst of the last calamities of life, sees the true



end beyond the life, gives, in the midst of scenes of utmost sadness and depression, relief to the heart of the reader. By remarks like these, we have sufficiently indicated our sense of the high moral and artist character evident in this book. What is of some purpose to our readers to notice, is, that to us, it seems a thoroughly healthy fiction. We have said quite enough to assure them that it is not wanting, therefore, in interest and intensity. We feel an emotion as we read Miss Tytler's story, such as we never experienced in real life, we are sorry when we get to Paris; yet, indeed, the wild passions of the Revolution had come down to Faye-aux-Jonquilles. The pleasant scenes with which the volumes open, are dissolving; Madame has to come down from her high estate, to take refuge in the despised auberge; the Tour is smoking, and will soon be in ruins, with all its old-world reminiscences—its gallery of high-born men and women. Monsieur has, that he may show himself before the republicans in Paris for what he is, put on his blue cordon of the order of Saint Louis; and in the full-dress of the old gentilhomme is, between two strangers, on his way to the Conciergerie, in Paris; so, that, perhaps, on the whole, the pleasant little French village is so different to what we see it when the book opened it up to our vision at first, that we ought to be glad to get away from it also—and that we are in Paris! As everybody has been to Paris within the last few years, we may be sure, that most, if not all, of our readers have seen a noble historical painting, a very large canvas, in the modern gallery of the Luxembourg—a picture of the “Reign of Terror”; there is no doubt Miss Tytler has seen that picture, and the larger portion of her second and third volumes give just such a vivid presentation of what Paris was, and especially of the prison of the Luxembourg. Painful and harrowing are the incidents which come before us now. Miss Tytler delights, evidently, in the portrayal of strong characters. Most of those which pass before us are really characters; the humbler and the higher are themselves, and would take places with no one else, from poor Babette, of the auberge, to Madame and Monsieur, and the vain fop, Achille; the Marquis and Madame de Lussac, and all the people of the French household in Paris; they are all conceptions, characters, weaker or stronger; each is, and says, and does, according to his or her self. We scarcely know into which Miss Tytler has put the full strength of her power. Michel Sart and Citoyenne Jacqueline are quite a worthy pair. Some readers will, perhaps, be as far from appreciating and understanding them, as they were, for some time, from

understanding each other. The strong old village curé on one side, and Jonquille Sart on the other; the wild savage butcher Sylvain, and the slight, but strong, historic crayon of Robespierre; the more interesting, and even vigorous movement of Charlotte Corday, the passing, but truthful glimpse of the "Slut Lyd," Sterne's unhappy daughter, and Madame Roland,—all show the writer's tastes for the strongly marked features of character in those she makes to bear any part of the burden of the story. It will be said, very likely, that some of the episodes seem to be introduced almost for the sake of the pleasure their introduction gives the author. They form a kind of side-scene, or side-character; yet, no doubt, adding to the impression of the whole picture, and the story is a story of womanhood, and of womanhood in France during the period of the Revolution—as the writer says in her first attempts to make her readers realize Mademoiselle Jacqueline de Faye:—

Those figures were of old France. Mademoiselle, on her stool opposite them, was of young France. The French have it that a woman cannot be two things at once, and so not a prude at twenty. But Jacqueline de Faye was a great many things at sixteen; she was a philosopher, a fine lady, half a nun, and a whole passionate, sentimental girl. However, her education had been exceptional, and charged with transition, like the times. She had been reared at home instead of in the traditional convent; she had been played with by her father in fanciful philanthropic and metaphysical discussions; she had been talked to by her mother; she had been confirmed by the curé; she had read on her own account "Paul and Virginia" and "Melanie," and longed to live according to nature in the Mauritius; to have tamarinds and pines for cherries and walnuts, the Fan Palm River for the Faye stream, and the Shaddock Grove Church for the village church near the willows. She could have even found it in her heart to wish that her little lion dog was transformed into Fidèle, and Agathe and Paul into such faithful negroes as Dominique and Mary. And oh! above all, should she ever find a slim, dark, dutiful, devoted Paul? Was there anybody in the world like Paul? Was there a chevalier, and was his name Achille? If she could only go to the Mauritius and try life according to nature there! But she was an honest little girl, and she was afraid that even though Monsieur, and Madame, and Babette, and above all Achille, accompanied her, she would miss the *Paris Mercury*, and the fresh news, and ribands.

The Revolution was making strange work with women, when Manon Phlippon, among the etching tools and copper-plates of the engraver's dark little shop in Paris, and Charlotte Corday, beneath the elms in the cloisters of the abbey at Caen, were renouncing their Prayer-books for Plutarch's Lives. When Germaine Necker, with her harsh, bizarre features and great black eyes, like blazing torches, was improvising and

addressing on politics and literature the startled *blasé* men and women in the wealthy banker's saloons of the tottering capital. When Théroigne Mérincoart, the courtesan, in the red riding-habit and hat and feather, was decreed a sabre for having led the mob at the taking of the Bastille, and for being the first on the bastion.

And Jacqueline was of young France down to her looks and costume. Her beauty was not her mother's beauty; her distinction was not her father's stateliness. Her forehead was more full than broad. Her nose was straight and somewhat short, but so also was her upper lip. Her mouth pouted, and smiled as only pouting mouths can smile. Her bright colour was all in her mouth, although her round face was very fresh, soft, and healthful. There was a dreamy expression on her forehead, and a sweet, vague wistfulness in her mouth when it remained at rest, notwithstanding her eyes being the clear hazel eyes,—part hazel, part grey,—which seem to strike fire with disdain or anger. And, by the way, the French do very well to admire this lovely moorland colour in eyes, but they do very ill to call it green. She wore her own hair, thrown back and falling in long light-brown curls on her shoulders, according to the last mode. She had no hoop. Her gown—a heavy brocade like Madame's, but coffee-coloured in place of sky-blue, girls never appearing in full dress save in the attire of novices,—had still a train which was drawn through both pocket-holes, showing her worked petticoat and pretty feet, on which the buckles twinkled. A fine white muslin neckerchief was crossed over her bosom, and there was a breastknot just under her dainty chin. She was as exquisitely picturesque as a shepherdess of Dufé's, done to Madame Pompadour's orders in a tableau on a piece of Sèvres china. But there was a busy brain throbbing and straining itself under the rippled hair over head; a warm pitiful heart, heaving and swelling to meet the brave breast-knot.

We have often remarked that we do not regard it as any part of our critical duty to give to our readers the outline of a story. It is sufficient if we indicate our sense of the book, and leave our readers to come upon the surprises, and to untwist the convolutions of the story for themselves; only shall we say that when Monsieur is arrested and conveyed to Paris, leaving behind him his smoking and abandoned chateau, his daughter, the Citoyenne, flies after him, alienated and severed as they had been by her strange and romantic marriage,—her journey across the wild country is sketched with great vigour:—

Jacqueline drove on for days and days, in the soft sunshine or the soaking showers. She managed to rest at the villages and avoid the larger towns. For the most part the people of the village inns, where the horse often stopped of itself, knew something of the Sarts and their family history, and also Dominique, and were therefore civil, and asked



no questions. Sometimes the aubergiste was also maire, and able to give Jacqueline valuable protection. And she herself laboured, as she had not done in her year of married life, not only to conciliate everybody (that was part of the rôle of a great lady), but to preserve the air of her assumed class, and thus draw down no observation.

The country—its ditch divisions overflowed, its mills often deserted, its châteaux bearing the sullied, blighted tokens of pillage and fire, and its cottages more of hovels than ever—was strewn with ashes instead of jonquilles, as they got nearer and nearer to the great capital. The richer grains were displaced by rye and beans, which in their turn gave place to fallow fields. The dire distress of the people, in the interruption of trade and agriculture, and the previous year's bad harvest, was everywhere pressingly evident. And the famine prevailing was the more dismal for the spring sun and the rain and the green growth, which were here insufficient to stop its ravages.

The churches were closed or closing; the belfries with their carillons were silent. Still where four roads met, or in alleys of chestnuts and elms, Jacqueline would come on a laire, or praying station, with a fresh chaplet, or a little wax taper newly blown out, and still guttering in the wind. These stations were generally in the form of a votive tablet, or wayside cross, erected to no more distinguished saints than Jean the Silent, Basle the Hermit, Berthe the Curer. Superstition kept its ground where religion had been routed, and even stepped forth in profane leering guise in the large towns, where fortune-tellers began to abound and flourish.

Occasionally Jacqueline passed over pastoral, hilly tracts, chill even in this sunny France, where the *lonely-looking, weather-beaten shepherds, in their long grey frieze coats, with their scrips, reminded the spectator more of men perishing of cold in winter storms, than of the Arcadians of Court poets and workers in porcelain.* Now and again, in the early morning, she detected unshaven, unwashed faces, with hollow eyes, peering out of the broken windows of granges, or even from the half-open doors of pigeon-houses. She guessed that these were the miserable creatures whom the women of France of every degree, in thousands and tens of thousands, were risking their lives to save, though not unfrequently they had never set eyes on them till they found them in their extremity. They fed and comforted them with that great human charity which seemed blotted out of Courts and assemblies of men, conveying to them bread and wine, with dry leaves and hay for their beds, and ointment for their wounds. Jacqueline would long to tell these outcasts that they need fear no harm from her, but she dared not communicate with them, or offer them a cast in the charrette, lest, half a league farther on, she might rattle up to two or three of the patriots. These bronzed, terrible Ishmaelites of the South trudged along, crying malediction on the growing heat, but fearing no challenge. Their clasp knives were always sharp. A little thing, a relic of a ring, the pearl

circle of a miniature, might provoke them to violence. They always reminded Jacqueline of Sylvain, with this distinction—that they were brute beasts, stolid and gruff, without his wild jollity and deep melancholy.

Once she crossed the outskirts of a camp of soldiers on their march to join the army, and gazed with wonder and admiration, not unmingled with qualms of alarm, at the scene so like a fair in the greenwood. Unyoked carts, which peasants had brought out with provisions, formed a barricade, behind which the horses busily munched their provender. Market-women and girls, in their white caps and striped petticoats, had ventured out into the lively green lights and shadows, and chattered busily over what food they had still to sell—dried herbs, fresh vegetables, thin slices of hung beef and ham, and rye loaves. There were martial figures, already cultivating and learning to twirl moustaches, though their uniform was in rags; and there were conscripts already forgetting their villages in their love for their new trade,—men who were on their long way to Belgium, Italy, Austria, Egypt, Spain, Russia, to leave their bones on far-separated battle-fields, and win their share of world-wide renown. Cows were led out, lowing their objections, and women were milking them into little tin cups pressed upon them by the soldiers. One thirsty man shouted, “No ceremony!” and offered his helmet as a vessel. Bright, irregular-featured, swarthy gipsies of *vivandières* were tripping about in their braided jackets and caps, the smartest of the set. Most of them had drums slung round their thin brown necks, on which they beat noisily the step of the regiment, to add to the clamour, and astonish the weak nerves of their foolish sisters the milkmaids, who were red and white in comparison, and round-eyed, though pinched in flesh—and whose attempts to attract the admiration of the boys of the regiment, the *vivandières* held in disdain and spite, twirling their drumsticks, and turning up their noses at the silly, incapable intruders. But in spite of those poor, lively, wandering stars of *vivandières*,—like other wandering stars, apt to be quenched and to fall, meteor-like, into the abyss,—an eye-witness, better informed than Jacqueline, has recorded, that when a detachment of an army, whether king’s or republic’s, halted for a short time in the greenwood, the sweetest principles of human nature did their work. The boldness and frankness of the men in the prospect of their speedy departure to danger and death, and the admiration, pity, and softness of the simple countrywomen, were so irresistible to each other, that the priests were called on to perform their part in the great law, and “there were marriages in the covered waggons in remembrance of the Frankish kings.” Did these brides and bridegrooms ever meet again? and after what changes would they recognise each other on earth, or in the spirit world?

And so on; from which our readers will be able to gather how the writer follows, herself, all the individualities of the times she has determined to paint. The same strength appears in the

prison paintings. Poor Jacqueline, at last, in despair, gets herself arrested, that she may be near to the haughty old Monsieur, her father. Miss Tytler has not over-taxed fact in this strange wild freak of filial piety; the like of such circumstances was not uncommon in that strange reign of mingled magnanimity and horror.

In the midst of so much that is impressive in scene and portrait painting, there are the sharp, incisive, almost proverb-like utterances and characterizations; this seems to us very good—the good old curé's portrait of Voltaire and his divine Emilia :—

I have seen, again, a gifted, diligent, learned woman, though she was brown and lean as a weasel, mad to be a beauty, and prodigal in Pompons. She could translate the *Principia* of Newton; but she could not conquer her petty ambition, or restrain her frivolous extravagance, or keep the straight line in morals which an ignorant, brutal peasant's wife can preserve. Allons! she was the Venus-Newton of the great Frederic, the Divine Emilia of Arouet Voltaire. I have been received, too, plain as I am now, in the bureau of Madame Dudevant, whose wit was nearest to that of the *philosopher of Ferney*—the sneering, snarling man, whose body was like a lath, his nose and chin shaking hands, and whose head we worship because it is so like an inspired monkey's. If monkeys could reason, their reasoning would be as fine and cutting as his.

Saintly characters emerge. We have applied this term, we believe, already to the beautiful and noble aubergiste, La Sarte, so also it must be applied to Bathilde de Roure, the beautiful, quiet, and holy creature, with whom we spend a little time in the prison, before she mounts the tumbril to have her sweet and radiant face shorn from her neck by the guillotine. It was a terrible time, that revolution time; our writer exclaims :—

Was there no sound in France this black November but the clank of the guillotine? no sight but the flowing of blood? Were there no country places, fortunate in their seclusion, where country people still jogged to market, and clustered at night round the clear wood fire on the dogs, roasting chestnuts, warming ice-cold fingers, and opening gossip-bags? Were there no women who still laid little children in safe cradles, and lulled them to sleep with cradle songs? no bold lovers who continued to woo buxom lasses in homely, hearty fashion, with the one old, lawful, glad end in store? Ay, there were some such corners, else France must have perished outright in those days of terror.

But, however it might be in such lonely little spots, of which, we fancy, there were not many in Paris, the mad game of the

guillotine went on, and Bathilde was, like Dante's Beatrice, in the midst of mourning, lamentation, and woe. There are graphic little pictures of how the revolution sentiment was regarded in lonely French villages. Thus a pair discuss the proclamation of

"DEATH AN EVERLASTING SLEEP."

Next day an old woman, with her distaff in the bosom of her gown, went along spinning, and driving her red cow before her, from the banks of the Mousse, where, by dint of great assiduity, it had managed to get a few wisps or blades. She looked up, and began to wag her head gravely, as she approached the churchyard gate. It was closed, but clearly not for the preservation of property. The crosses were pulled up and broken into fragments, like the woodwork of the little church close by, and neither white ribands nor immortelles rested on the grave of virgin or patriarch. Over the gate was painted, in big, staring white letters, "Death is an everlasting sleep." Here was the explanation of the shut door. The old woman was very old, and brown, and shrivelled. To all appearance it could not be long ere she slept her everlasting sleep. The idea, however, seemed to fill her with lively dissatisfaction.

A second and younger woman, noticing the first, walked down the street and joined her. The two stood still at the locked gate, while the red cow went discreetly on to quench its thirst at the fountain trough.

"A fine thing now," said the older woman, "after me and my old man have lived together these forty years, to tell us that when our time comes we are to fall asleep and not even dream of each other,—bah!"

"And my little son Alex," replied the younger, "who was drawn for the army, and has marched to the ends of the earth, and who may be shot passing through some hedge and die in a ditch—they will tell me he will have gone to sleep and will have no awaking. I need not care to go to sleep, for I shall have no awaking either; and I suppose they would say I need not pray, because God is also asleep!"

"Death? if that were the case, what would the common people do?"

"For that matter, what would the great people do?"

"Ah! the great people have had their day, and now it is their night, the holy saints help them! I bear them no spite, poor souls! But, my faith! if they call this liberty, when they do not give us the liberty of another world, I would like better to want their liberty, I would!"

"The salt tax and roadmaking were not half so bad, not even purgatory and the dread of hell itself."

"No, indeed! They still left us heaven, and the good God, and our Lord and Saviour, the Virgin and the saints, to interpose for us. One



never knew where a blessing might not come from. But this sleep, it crushes us like lead."

"La Jullienne takes on worst of all for her baby. They say she will go mad if something is not done."

"Go! she was always a lunatic, La Jullienne. What is her baby, which lay in her bosom for only a year, to my man, who has driven the cow there—the prodigal beast—with me, and helped to milk her too, and dug, and thrashed, and ate, and drank, and prayed with me for nearly half a century?"

But we must hand over the book, with this hearty commendation of it, to our readers. All may not be prepared to give it so hearty a reception as we should desire it to receive, for taste and temperament have something to do with the liking of a book like this. We have enjoyed it ourselves heartily; and as heartily thank the authoress for the pleasure she has afforded us; liking it none the less, perhaps rather the more, for the undoubted faith Miss Tytler seems to have in her own sex: as when she tells us that however different women may be in rank and character, "there are no wrinkles in a woman's heart, however old and artificial;" or, again, "the good God's love," as La Sarte protested to Babette, "can make up a million times for the want of man's." The volumes are as elegant in their printing and getting up as they are clear, absorbing, and delightful in their writing. Certainly Miss Tytler has stepped at once into a high place among the few writers of fiction, whose pages are as healthful and helpful, as they are rich in observation and genius, in the nice points which show the detective eye, and the full and rich illustrations and colours which illustrate the full imagination and heart.



### III.

#### THE SHEPHERD KINGS OF EGYPT, AND RECENT ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.\*

OF all the works on Egyptian history known to the ancient Greek-reading world, none enjoyed so high a reputation as the three books written on that subject by Manetho. He enjoyed the great advantage over nearly all his competitors of being himself a native of the country, having been born at Sebennytus, whence one of the branches of the Nile takes its name. He was also chief priest of Heliopolis, the city of the Sun, the On of Holy Writ. And if when Strabo visited it, in the Augustan age, the sun of Heliopolis had set, in Manetho's time it was still, as of old, under the great Theban Pharaohs, who constructed the Labyrinth, and the Lake Moeris, as well as when, many centuries afterwards, Solon, Pythagoras, Plato, and Eudoxus sat at the feet of its sages, the principal seat of Egypt's hierarchical learning and science; for Saïs could hardly vie with it, and the day of Thebes had long gone by. Its upstart rival, Alexandria, we may be sure the Heliopolitan scribes, as a body, would look down upon with sovereign contempt. As for Manetho himself, he was so far from despising Greek culture, that he took the pains to master it, and thus qualified himself for the task of rendering the venerable annals of his country into the literary language of the times. Nor should it be forgotten that his work was produced under royal auspices, having been composed, about the middle of the third century before the Christian era, at the command of that splendid patron of learning, Ptolemy Philadelphus. Hence the historian must be supposed to have enjoyed access to the government archives, as well as to those of the temples. These favourable circumstances, combined with the writer's considerable abilities and scholarly equipment, go far to account for the great celebrity which his *Egyptian History* acquired in ancient times.

How far the opinion thus formed of it was justified, we should be in a far better position to judge had the work been handed down to us in even a tolerable state of integrity. Unfortunately, a couple of short textual fragments, extracted by Josephus in his polemical treatise against Apion, and the same number of meagre epitomes made by the Christian chronographers, Julius Africanus, in the third century, and Eusebius

\* 1. *Histoire d'Égypte*. Par Dr. Heinrich Brugsch. Leipzig, 1859.  
2. *Revue Archéologique*. Vols. for 1859-65.

in the fourth, constitute its mutilated remains. Perhaps, if we still possessed it in its entirety, it would neither bear out the high estimate formed of it by Lepsius, who thinks that its authority would alone be decisive, nor the disparaging comments of the late Sir George Cornwall Lewis, who evidently ranked it next to zero. What we already know of it, as tested by the monuments, seems to prove that its statements cannot be neglected with impunity, and that still less can they be implicitly trusted—at least in the form in which its text has reached our hands.

Such, at least, is the judgment to which an enlightened historical criticism leads, in the instance of the important fragment of Manetho's work, which relates to the invasion and occupation of Egypt by the Hykshos or Shepherd Kings. Josephus states that it is taken from the second book of the *Egyptian History*. Since he has unfortunately forgotten to tell us to what native dynasty the Pharaoh Timaius belonged, in whose reign the foreigners fell upon the kingdom, even this vague note of time is not to be despised; for both our epitomists, Julius Africanus and Eusebius, make the second book comprise the dynasties from the twelfth to the nineteenth, both inclusive. Hence the line of the great Theban Pharaohs of the twelfth dynasty is the higher chronological limit before which the event cannot be dated, and without further light from the monuments this is all that can be affirmed. We now give the fragment as translated by Baron Bunsen, without, however, adopting his emendation of the name of the Egyptian monarch under whom the invasion took place. "The so-called Timaius," says the Manethonian extract, "became king. Egypt, during "his reign, lay, I knew not why, under the divine displeasure, "and, on a sudden, men from the *east country*, of an ignoble "race, audaciously invaded the land. They easily got possession of it, and established themselves without a struggle, "making the rulers thereof tributary to them, burning their "cities, and demolishing the temples of their gods. All the "natives they treated in the most brutal manner; some they put "to death, others they reduced to slavery, with their wives and "children.

"Subsequently, also, they chose a king out of their own "body, Salatis by name. He established himself at Memphis, "took tribute from the upper and lower country, and placed "garrisons in the most suitable places. He fortified more especially the eastern frontier, foreseeing, as he did, that the "Assyrians, whose power was then at its height, would make an "attempt to force their way into the empire from that quarter.

“He found in the Sethroite Nome, a city particularly well adapted for that purpose; lying to the east of the Bubastite arm of the Nile, called Avaris, after an old appellation of a god. This he repaired and fortified with strong walls, and placed in it a garrison of 240,000 heavy-armed soldiers. In summer he visited it in person, for the purpose of recruiting them with a fresh supply of provisions, paying their wages, and practising military exercises by which to strike terror into the foreigners.

“He died after a reign of nineteen years, and was succeeded by another king, Beon (Bnon) by name, who reigned forty-four years. After him Apachnas reigned thirty-six years and seven months; then Apophis, sixty-one years; then Jannas, fifty years and one month; and lastly, Assis, forty-nine years and two months.

“These six were their first rulers. They were continually at war, with a view of utterly exhausting the strength of Egypt. The general name of the people was Hykshos, which means ‘shepherd kings;’ for *Hyk* signifies, in the sacred language, a king, and *shos*, in the demotic, is *shepherd* and *shepherds*. Some say they were Arabs.”

Josephus, who is absurdly bent on proving the identity of these Hykshos with the Israelites, here stops to remark that in another copy of Manetho the word *Hyk*, or *Hak*, is interpreted to mean *captives*, and that thus the entire appellation would denote *captive shepherds*. He then continues to extract from the Egyptian priest’s history as follows:—“The above-mentioned kings and their posterity reigned over Egypt, as Manetho states, 511 years. After this the kings of the Thebaid and of the other parts of Egypt, revolted against the Shepherds, whereupon a great and long-protracted war ensued. Under a king called Misphragmuthosis, the Shepherds were defeated, and not only driven out of the rest of Egypt, but blockaded in a place 10,000 *aruras* in circumference, by name *Avaris*, which, as Manetho relates, the Shepherds had surrounded with a vast and strong wall, as a place of security for their property and plunder. The son of Misphragmuthosis, Thummosis, endeavoured to take this city by blockade, and encamped before the walls with 480,000 men. At last, giving up all hope of reducing it by assault, he entered into a treaty with them, by virtue of which they were to withdraw from Egypt, and have a safe conduct to any place they should choose. So they decamped from Egypt, through the desert, to Syria, with all their families and effects, not less than 240,000 persons. Fearing the power of the Assyrians, who were then dominant



"in Asia, they built in Judea a city large enough to contain so many thousands, and called it Jerusalem."

Such is the passage on the authority of which Professor Lepsius and Baron Bunsen, sanctioned by most continental Egyptologists, and by some of the most eminent in our own country and America, have made the event which it relates the pivot of Egyptian history. The entire Pharaonic annals are distributed by them into three great periods, viz. :—I. That of the Old Empire, anterior to the arrival of the Shepherds. II. That of the Middle Empire, from their arrival to their expulsion; and III. that of the New Empire, from their expulsion to the defeat by the Persians, and flight into Ethiopia of the last of the Pharaohs, Nectanebus II., in B.C. 340. Nor can it be denied that an event as momentous in the history of ancient Egypt as the Mohammedan Conquest, that second Hykshos Triumph, in that of modern Egypt, or as the Norman Conquest in our own, is fairly entitled to this prominence, with the single proviso, that the event itself be a fact. But is it historical? That is the question which is now to be discussed.

That there are unhistorical elements in Manetho's account scarcely needs remark. Such, for instance, is the statement that the expelled Shepherds called the city which they are said to have built in Palestine, Jerusalem, and especially the addition, which Josephus elsewhere attributes to him, that they erected the *temple* (!) there. Mythical also would seem to be the dimensions of the walls of Avaris, about twice those of ancient Rome; and the numbers of the besieged and besieging armies. But such matters of detail apart, and in particular without vouching for the long reigns of these kings,\* the truth of the story, in the main, may now be said, in consequence of recent discoveries, to be conclusively established.

Even before these discoveries were made, there was a respectable case in its favour. In the first place, since the event, if it happened at all, was one infinitely shameful and disastrous to his country, there seemed to be no conceivable motive why Manetho should have recorded it, save its actual occurrence, and its notoriety amongst his compatriots. It is true, that on this hypothesis, the silence of Diodorus Siculus, and the implied denial of Herodotus, who states that the only foreigners who

\* Six for 260 years! Yet the Egyptologists, including Lepsius and Bunsen, to whom we may add the author of the latest and best book on Manetho which has yet appeared, Professor Lauth of Munich, have not seen that these must be *consolidated* or *complex* reigns in almost every instance, each really comprising two or more. We hope soon to call the attention of our readers to Professor Lauth's very important work, "*Manetho and the Turin Papyrus Canon of Pharaohs.*"



ruled over Egypt anterior to his Sesostris (*i.e.*, Ramses the Great) were eighteen Ethiopians, become only the more incomprehensible. Were not their authority, on purely Egyptian matters, almost *nil* as compared with Manetho's, we should perhaps be justified in rejecting his testimony as that of an unconfirmed and even contradicted witness. As it is, and especially since he is known to have written with the express purpose of correcting the errors of Herodotus, this would be a very rash proceeding. Nor is it the fact that his Hykshos story is absolutely unsupported by any other ancient writer. There is a passage in Conon, a reputable historical writer of the Augustan age, which, though strangely overlooked hitherto, has an important bearing on the subject. In the 37th of his *Διηγήσεις*, or Narrations, which have been epitomized by Photius, we find a tradition of a Phœnician Conquest and occupation of Egyptian Thebes, with the remarkable and extremely interesting addition, that Cadmus went forth thence to found Thebes in Bœotia. Now since both Africanus and Eusebius, in their summaries of Manetho's dynasties, make the Hykshos to have been Phœnicians, we have here, evidently, a sensible *rapprochement* between the two independent accounts; for that Conon did not borrow from Manetho is too plain to need remark. If, according to the Manethonian fragment in Josephus, some made the Hykshos Arabs, we must not forget that anciently the line between Arabia and Phœnicia was not so definitely drawn as in later times. Baron Bunsen has shown it to be highly probable that the country south of the Dead Sea was the primitive seat of the Phœnicians, and has duly cited ancient testimony for the fact. Conon, moreover, expressly states that the Phœnicians, at this early epoch, were not only masters of Egypt, but also of a large portion of Asia. Bearing in mind this wide diffusion of the race, there is nothing very surprising in their being styled Phœnicians or Arabs indifferently. If we consult the Egyptian monuments we there find frequent mention of the *Shasu*, whom Brugsch, the most eminent of our Hieroglyphical geographers, identifies with the Shôs of Manetho, and locates in Arabia Petrea. In this he had been anticipated by that Niebuhr of the fairer sex, Miss Fanny Corboux, who sees in them the Zuzim of Holy Writ.

In this region were situated Bozrah and Petra, and the mention of these venerable cities suggests what one cannot but regard as a further very striking circumstantial confirmation of the general truth of the Hykshos story. The scholiast on Plato cites from Manetho the statement that Salatis, the Hykshos conqueror of Egypt, transformed the primæval lunar kalendar of his Semitic ancestors into a solar one of precisely the same

peculiar form, viz., twelve months of thirty days each, with five days added to the twelfth—which we know to have been in use in Egypt itself long anterior to the Conquest. Now we actually find that a kalendar of this very distinctive type was really in use, from time immemorial, at Bozrah and Petra, and throughout the whole of Arabia Petrea. This fact surely looks like a direct proof not only that these people had really, as Manetho says, been in Egypt, but that they knew how to appropriate and to carry away its high civilization. If, as is far from unlikely in itself, and as the legend of Cadmus, especially in the shape it assumes in Conon, would seem to imply, they eliminated from the cumbrous hieroglyphical system of writing which they found in use in Egypt, the incomparable invention of an alphabet, they deserve far higher praise. In that case, mankind is indebted to these so-called barbarians for the most important step ever taken in the intellectual culture of the race; and we cannot refuse our homage to the men who taught us a graphic system as much superior to the ancient Egyptian as articulate speech is to the language of the brutes.

After this brief *resumé* of the state of the question, independently of hieroglyphical research, we are now impatient to recapitulate the further evidence which has been brought to light by this much underrated branch of modern philology. It will be seen, that in this instance, at least, the rigidly scientific method pursued by the great Egyptologists of the day has not been unfruitful in results. Those who are sceptical as to the progress made in the decipherment of the Egyptian monuments, will do well to observe, that it was by the indications afforded by the hieroglyphical inscriptions and hieratic papyri, and by these indications alone, that Mariette Bey was led to the spot where had lain hidden for many centuries, from all human eyes, the Hykshos monuments, which his excavations have unearthed, and which have solved for ever one of the most interesting and important of all historical problems.

It was an easy task for the Egyptologists to verify the derivation of the word Hykshos given in the Manethonian fragment. In the monumental language the word *hyk* or *hak* repeatedly occurs in the sense of king or chieftain, even in the scutcheons of the Pharaohs. For example, Rameses III. is uniformly styled "Hak On," i.e., "King of Heliopolis." In the later language it had died out, and, consequently, no longer appears in the Coptic Lexicons; where, on the other hand, the word *Shôs*, meaning shepherds, is still to be found. The monuments even present a word of like sound to *hak*, which denotes prisoners, so that here also Josephus is borne out.

The identification of Timaius, the Pharaoh under whom the

invasion took place, is still unaccomplished, and remains matter of mere conjecture. Fruin, the learned editor of *Manetho's Remains*, proposes one of the Amenemhas, a royal name, which is repeatedly found in both the Twelfth and Thirteenth Dynasties. Syncellus says it was under a king, Concharis, that the Shepherds first came into Egypt, and it is very possible, and even highly probable, that the invaders entered the country at a time when it was weakened by being under a divided sway. It is worthy of remark that Lepsius, in his *Königsbuch*, gives the scutcheon of a king (No. 186) whom he refers to the times of the Amenemhas, and whose name he reads Chenker, of which name the Concharis of Syncellus would be the legitimate Greek form. These notices in Syncellus are not to be despised. The source whence he draws proves to have been well informed as to the Shepherd Kings. They are the only kings to whom he gives a topographical dynastic designation. He, and he alone, styles them Tanites, and Tanites the monuments show them to have been. In like manner, he alone names a Seti amongst them; and the scutcheon of a Shepherd King with that name has now been brought to light. How greatly our chances of ultimately settling the date of the invasion are increased by our having the names of two contemporary kings, under whom it fell out, belonging to two rival dynasties, say a Theban in Upper Egypt, answering to Manetho's Thirteenth, and a Xoïte in Lower Egypt, answering to his Fourteenth, will be obvious at a glance. For the present, however, all this is mere speculation.

About the monumental name of the liberating Pharaoh, we are happily in no such perplexity. All are agreed that it is Aahmes, the first king of Manetho's Eighteenth Dynasty. The Greek list of Manetho's epitomists read it Amos, or Amosis, who succeeds immediately to the Seventeenth Dynasty, which they make to be a Hykshos one. In Eusebius it is the only Hykshos Dynasty, and he assigns to it four kings and 103 years; in Africanus it is the Third such Dynasty, and comprises forty-three kings, none of whom are named, and 151 years. His second Hykshos Dynasty has thirty-two kings, who are also unnamed, and who reign 518 years. His First consists of six named kings, who reign 284 years, answering to the six kings named in the Manethonian fragment in Josephus with 259 years, or just half the time assigned to the next Hykshos Dynasty in Africanus. In Syncellus, as in Eusebius, we have but one Hykshos Dynasty. It consists of seven named kings, who reign like the six named kings in Josephus for 259 years. Amidst these appalling differences between the witnesses, it is the more satisfactory to find that they all point to Aahmes as the immediate successor



of the last Shepherd King, only that in Josephus the name is written corruptly Thummosis, instead of Amôs, as all the rest Hellenize the word.

Accordingly, a contemporary inscription is still extant, which distinctly attributes to Aahmes the capture of the Hykshos stronghold, Avaris.

It is a funerary epigraph, discovered at El Kab, the ancient Eileithya, and gives, as is often the case in inscriptions of the same class, autobiographical details of the life of the occupant of the tomb, who is in this case a namesake of the king in question, whose history, with that of one of his predecessors, and several of his successors, his epitaph so remarkably illustrates. The first successful attempt to translate it was made by the Vicomte de Rouge in the *Journal des Savants*, about twenty years ago. His version of the portion which now concerns us, as revised by Dr. Brugsch, is as follows:—"The Captain of  
 "Marines, Aahmes, son of Abouna, deceased, says:—I speak to  
 "you, ye men all; I make known to you the events which have  
 "happened to me in my time. I have been decorated seven times  
 "with the golden collar in the face of the whole country. Male  
 "and female slaves have been given to me, and I have reaped  
 "the harvests of many fields. The lustre of my name, made  
 "glorious by my deeds, has never become dimmed in this land.  
 "He says:—During the years of my youth, which I passed in  
 "the fortress of Eileithya, my father was Lieutenant under the  
 "late king, Ra-sekennen. Baba, son of Rou-an, was his name.  
 "Behold, I became lieutenant in my turn with him, on board  
 "the vessel, called 'The Calf,' in the time of the late king of  
 "Upper and Lower Egypt, Aahmes. I was a young man, I  
 "was unmarried, and was still clothed in the attire of the youth;  
 "but after I took a house, and entered on family life, I joined  
 "the northern fleet for active service. I obtained the privilege  
 "of accompanying the king, when he mounted his chariot.  
 "Then Havaris was besieged, and I fought on foot in the pre-  
 "sence of His Majesty. Behold, I joined the vessel 'Sha-m-  
 "'Mennefer.' The battle raged on the lake called the Lake  
 "of Havaris.\* I displayed my valour, and carried off the hand  
 "of a slain foe. The king made honourable mention of me, and  
 "I was decorated with the golden collar for my valour. Behold,  
 "there was a second action on the lake, and again I showed  
 "my bravery. Behold, I cut off as a trophy the hand of a slain  
 "enemy. I was decorated, for the second time, with the golden  
 "collar. The conflict was then transferred to the south of the

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\* Now the lake Menzaleh, on the borders of which lie the recently excavated ruins of Avaris or Zoan.



"fortress of Havaris. Behold, I took a man prisoner alive; I  
"went towards the lake, fighting my way from the fortress,  
"and dragging my prisoner with me; but I embarked with  
"him on the lake. The king accorded me his commendations,  
"and I was decorated a third time with the golden collar. At  
"length, the fortress of Havaris was taken, and I had as my  
"share of the prisoners taken from it, a man and two women,  
"in all, three captives, whom His Majesty presented to me as  
"slaves." This inscription dates from the sixteenth century,  
B.C.

If, now, it be asked how De Rougé arrived at the identification of the besieged fortress in this inscription with the Hykshos stronghold, Havaris, on which identification everything here hinges, the answer is equally honourable to Champollion and to De Rougé himself. We have here, as the sequel will more fully demonstrate, tangible proof that the great organiser (not the discoverer, who was our own Dr. Young) of the science of Hieroglyphical Hermeneutics, has not only solidly laid the foundations of that branch of Egyptology, but of the far more difficult interpretation of the Hieratic documents as well. These are written in running-hand hieroglyphics, which, however, Champollion, by the comparative study of hundreds of identical texts, extant under both forms, taught us how to read. And right well have his recondite lessons been learnt by his most illustrious Continental pupil, who so worthily succeeds him in the chair which France had the honour to found for the diffusion of this rare kind of erudition, and which, until a similar one was set up for Lepsius at Berlin, remained the only such Professorship in the world. De Rougé was aware that Champollion read the name of the city which King Aahmes besieged and took, Jan, the Zoan of Holy Writ, the Tanis of the Greeks, the Jani of the Coptic, and which has still survived in the name Sâh, given by the Arabs to the ancient ruins found near the south-western shores of the Lake Menzaleh. The superficial examination of these ruins had brought to light monuments, not only of Ramses the Great, which are found everywhere throughout Egypt, but also of the kings of Manetho's Twenty-first and Twenty-third Dynasties, both of which are expressly called Tanite. One of these monuments was a statue of King Petubastes, of the Twenty-third Dynasty, on which was engraved the hieroglyphical name of the city where it was found, and the same which denotes the city taken by King Aahmes. The fact that the king was a Tanite, and the modern name of the locality in question, were probably the inducements which led Champollion to see in this city, written with the hierogly-

phical sign of the leg (compare our English word SHIN),\* the Tanis of the Greeks, the Zoan of Scripture, and the Jani of the Copts. At least if, as is likely enough, he had also met with a phonetic exponent of the name on some other inscription, he has forgotten to record the circumstance. This clinching philological proof of the truth of the master's identification was furnished by his illustrious pupil. De Rouge observed that in the name of office given to certain functionaries, the phonetic exponent of the knee or the leg was precisely the required group *Jan* (written with the knee or shin, in Coptic *Jnah*), thus setting the question at rest. Hence, when studying the El Kab epitaph, he had already acquired the certainty, that the city which was the scene of the exploits of the officer, Aahmes, and which was captured by the king of the same name, could be no other than Tanis, and that the lake, hard by, must be the Lake Menzaleh. Nor is it difficult to follow the chain of reasoning which led him to his further felicitous identification of Tanis, Zoan, or Jan, with the Hykshos stronghold, Havaris. The war referred to in the inscription, of which King Aahmes was the hero, and which was ended by the capture of the city in his sixth year, could be no other than his war with the Shepherds. Tanis, Zoan, or Jan, then, and not Pelusium, as proposed by Lepsius, must have been the seat of the Hykshos power. This conjecture—for it was, at first, nothing more—was remarkably confirmed by another monument which had been found at San, and after being copied by the careful and industrious Burton (*Excerpt. Hierogl.* Pl. 30 Nov., 187), had again been hidden by the sand, save from the memories of the learned. This was a colossal statue of a Pharaoh, bearing, as usual, the scutcheons of Ramses the Great, but which also bore—and this inscription was so unusual as to be quite unique—the scutcheons of a king Apepi, in whom all Egyptologists at once agreed to recognise the name of the Shepherd King, Apophis, of the Manethonian fragment, and of the other Greek lists. But, although this strange scutcheon was as yet the solitary instance of a monumental reminiscence of the Hykshos, De Rouge was aware that the same name was to be found in an important historical papyrus, written in the hieratic character, and preserved in the British Museum. To this papyrus, accordingly, which had been published by the Museum authorities, along with the

\* This is far from being an isolated instance, showing that English and Egyptian are at least as nearly akin as English and Sanskrit. Our own mother-tongue is quite as useful in interpreting the Hieroglyphics as the modern Coptic. The assertion may startle the reader, but it is none the less true.

other hieratic documents deposited there, De Rouge called the attention of the learned, in his articles on the El Kab epitaph. What was still more to the purpose, not only did he find in that papyrus (Sallier I., as it is called) the name of the Shepherd King, Apepi or Apophis, and of his antagonist Ra-skenen, under whom, it will be remembered, the father of the officer of marines served on board the vessel called the "Calf," but also the name Havar-is, written phonetically, side by side, and in the same hieroglyphic group, with the name which he had already proved Champollion to have rightly read Jan, Tanis, or Zoan. He even translated the first few lines of the papyrus, which was all that was requisite for his purpose, and with his assistance, all that is legible of this hieratic fragment has since been translated by Dr. Brugsch. Brugsch's version was soon followed by the substantially identical one published by Mr. Goodwin, in the *Cambridge Essays* for 1858. This most recent rendering of a document, whose author, the Scribe Pentaour, is believed, on good grounds, to have written full three thousand years ago, must now be given, on account of its important bearings on the question under discussion. It is as follows :—

"It came to pass," says the Scribe Pentaour, "when the land of Egypt was held by the invaders, there was no lord king (*i. e.* of the whole of Egypt); in the day, namely, when King Ra-skenen was ruler of the land of the South (*i. e.* the Thebaid), the invaders holding the district of the Aamu (Semites). The chief Apepi was in the palace of Ha Var (Avaris). The whole land paid homage to him, with their manufactures in abundance, as well as with all the precious things of the inhabitants of the country of the North. Now King (Ra) Apepi set up Sutekh for his lord: he worshipped no other god in the whole land. . . . built him a temple of durable workmanship. It came to pass that while he rose up to celebrate a day of dedicating. . . . a temple to Sutekh, the prince of the South prepared to build a temple to the Sun over against it (*i. e.* in rivalry with it?) Then it came to pass that King (Ra) Apepi desired to . . . King Ra-skenen . . . the prince of the South. It came to pass a long time after this. . . .

[4 lines obliterated.]

. . . with him, in case of his not consenting (to worship) all the gods which are in the whole land (and to honour) Amen-Ra, King of the Gods. It came to pass, many days after these things, that King Apepi sent a message to the prince of the South. The messenger (being gone?) he called his wise men together to inform them. Then the messenger of King Apepi (journeyed) to the chief of the South. (When he was arrived) he stood in the presence of the chief of the South, who said to him this saying, viz., to the messenger of King Apepi, 'What message dost thou bring to the South country? For



what cause hast thou set out on this expedition?' Then the messenger answered him, 'King Apepi sends to thee saying, he is about to go to the fountain of the cattle, which is in the region of the South, seeing that. . . . has commissioned me to search day and night.' . . . . The chief of the South replied to him, that he would do nothing hostile to him. The fact was he did not know how to send back (refuse?) . . . . the messenger of King Apepi. (Then the prince of the South) said to him, 'Behold thy lord promised to . . . .'

[4 lines obliterated.]

. . . . Then the chief of the South called together the princes and great men, likewise all the officers and heads of . . . . and he told them all the history of the words of the message sent to him by King Apepi, before them (or according to order). Then they cried with one voice, in anger, they did not wish to return a good answer, but a hostile one. King Apepi sent to . . . ."

So sure was M. de Rougé of his two-fold identification of the site of the ruins of San, with both Tanis on the one hand, and with Avaris on the other, that when, about ten or twelve years ago, that now distinguished but then unknown archaeologist, M. Mariette, was sent on a scientific mission to Egypt, under the direction of the French Academy, he did not hesitate when, as the organ of that illustrious body, he drew up a code of instructions for the guidance of the young *savant*, to direct him particularly to make careful excavations at San, with the view of detecting further traces of the Hykshos. The sagacity of his previsions has been amply verified by the event. For a long time, M. Mariette's brilliant discoveries on the site of the Serapeum at Memphis and elsewhere, so exclusively pre-occupied him, that he was compelled to postpone this task. But when, in 1860, he first found time to break ground at San, he soon saw how wisely his researches had been directed to the spot. The first result was a re-discovery of the lost seated colossus, which had been engraved in Burton. The legends were of three distinct epochs. First, there were the scutcheons of the king in whose honour it was originally set up. These scutcheons were in the normal position, viz., in the front portion of the throne, right and left of the legs; the throne-name, or pre-nomen, alone had survived the ravages of time. It reads Ra-smenkh-ka. But the king's family name has since been found on another monument at San. M. de Rougé reads it Mer-menwin; he must have reigned before the Hykshos Irruption. A name very similar, if not absolutely identical, occurs in the Turin papyrus, which is an, alas! extremely fragmentary list of kings with their length of reign. Were it complete, it would solve all our doubts as to the chronology of Egypt from



Menes, its first king, down to the time when it was written, which is credibly asserted to have been the thirteenth century before Christ. The second set of royal inscriptions on the San statue of Ra-smenkh-ka Mer-menwin is found on the right shoulder. They are headed by the figure of the Hykshos divinity, Sutech, or Set, and are those of the Shepherd King, Apepi. The throne-name is here much obliterated, but has been found perfectly legible elsewhere. The third inscription is one of four columns, occupying the back of the throne, and presenting us with a four-fold repetition of the pompous titles and names of Ramses the Great.\* Further excavations within the *enceinte* of the great temple of Set, or Typhon, as the Greeks called this god, which the Sallier Papyrus tells us was built by Apepi, and taught us to look for at San, and which has accordingly been found there by Mariette, led to fresh disclosures. In the middle of the avenue leading to the sanctuary of the temple of the Hykshos god, were four magnificent sphinxes (engravings in *Rev. Arch.*, Feb. 1861). Mariette thinks, that even supposing the chisel which sculptured the bodies of these sphinxes was an Egyptian chisel, Hykshos artists must have at least designed, and probably, also, executed, the striking and most characteristic faces, to which nothing analogous has hitherto been found in any other Egyptian locality. What is more, these sphinxes bear the almost obliterated traces of the royal legends of a Shepherd King, combined with figures and legends of the god Sutekh, on the right shoulder of each, and still more or less plainly readable, by the side of the cartouches of Menephtah, the son of Ramses the Great. On the bases appear the legends of both these latter kings. In the letter announcing these discoveries to the Vicomte de Rougé, written from Cairo on December 20th, 1860, and which appeared in the *Rev. Arch.* for February, 1861, Mariette further calls attention to the curious fact, that a race of men altogether as unlike in physiognomy and build to the rest of the Copts, as they are strikingly like to that disclosed by the Hykshos monuments, still dwells on the borders of the lake Menzaleh. These he reasonably conjectures to be a more or less degenerate remnant of the Hykshos. He justly observes, moreover, that these discoveries completely refute the notion that the Hykshos were barbarians, and prove them to have been both capable of learning the civilization of Egypt, as well as to have been possessed of a respectable civilization of their own. The first invaders may very possibly have been rather rough soldiers, though not more so than Cambyses, and they must soon

\* *Rev. Arch.*, Feb. 1861; Mariette's Letter, dated Cairo, Dec. 10th, 1860.

have rallied round them the sacerdotal colleges, and the art and science of the subjugated people. Hence the great gulf which formerly seemed to break the continuity of Egyptian history, is proved to be imaginary, and the Hykshos themselves take their place as an organic, though engrafted branch of the great tree of the Pharaonic history.

In another letter to M. Alfred Maury, dated from the Serapeum, February 26th, 1861 (extracted in the *Rev. Arch.* for April, 1861) Mariette further announces the discovery, at Tell-Mokdam, near San, of another royal statue representing a pre-Hykshos monarch, whose name is now illegible, but on which the scutcheon of a Hykshos king, which reads *Seti*, has been superimposed. Another sphinx, also of the same early epoch, was brought to light at the same time. The resemblance of this sphinx to another in the Louvre, supposed to be of Ramses the Great, induced Mariette to request the minute examination by Messrs. Deveria and de Rougé of this monument, as also of the great sphinx of Menephtha in the same collection, with a view to the detection of any trace of palimpsest inscriptions. Such an examination was made and completely bore out his anticipation, as we read in a letter from Deveria to Mariette, printed in the *Rev. Arch.* for October, 1861. Deveria found that not only had these monuments been tampered with, and their original inscriptions erased to make room for new ones, but that the same was the case with others at the Louvre, *e.g.*, the great colossus of Ramses II., and another of Amenophthis III. All of these monuments with palimpsest legends came from San, and all of them, more or less, bore traces of the legends of the Shepherd Kings. In the same letter Deveria invited attention to Fragment 112 of the Turin Papyrus Canon of Pharaohs, as in all probability containing the names of two if not three successive Hykshos kings. He also mentions an extremely interesting and very antique figure of a lion found at Bagdad, which bears the hieroglyphical legend of a new Hykshos king Ra-Set-Nub, as the cartouche distinctly reads. Lastly, he bespeaks our interest in favour of a fragmentary statuette in green basalt at the Louvre, the physiognomy of which is very decidedly Hykshos. One of the latest communications relative to the subject of these most important excavations at San is a letter from M. Mariette, which is printed in the *Rev. Arch.* for May, 1862, relative to a double group of statuary, of the most extraordinary appearance, and evidently a work of Hykshos art. Whether it be a divinity, seemingly Dagon, or a king whose double presentment is before us in the engravings which are prefixed to the number of the *Revue* containing this valuable letter of M. Mariette, cannot, as yet, be ascertained. At

the first glance we should say they were a couple of Billingsgate fish-fags. When the base of the monument has been freed from the sand we shall know more about it; but for this information, and much else in reserve, we must wait M. Mariette's good pleasure. As it is, however, his discoveries, for which those of Champollion and de Rouge so remarkably paved the way, have, at least, authenticated for ever in the main the Hykshos story in Manetho.

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#### IV.

#### THE ZAMBESI.—LIVINGSTONE AND MACKENZIE.\*

IF Dr. Livingstone's new volume does not strike the fancy with the sudden, romantic freshness and Arabian-Night-like enchantment of the first, it is not because the materials of such romantic thought and adventure are not in it, nor because it, in any way, diminishes in interest; but because he has accustomed us to the wild world of travel, through a considerable part of which he moves for the second time. As Messrs. Thackeray and Dickens have been in the habit of pleasantly reviving our memory of old favourites in new works, so here the Doctor again introduces us to his beloved old friends, the Makololo. Once more we are in the kingdom of the great Sebituane, and his descendant, Sekeletu; once more we are in the presence of the stupendous cataracts, the Victoria Falls, before whose greater torrents Niagara, it would seem now, has to sing small. We are inclined to regard the present volume as more readable, perhaps, than the former. There is quite an equal sprinkling of travellers' wonders over the pages; and the reader is transported from spot to spot among singular people, through bewildering forests, deep mysterious mountain chains and lofty hills, now on the waves of the great river, or its beautiful tributaries, in the presence of exciting dangers, or beneath the pleasant and charming notes of beautiful and hitherto undescribed birds;

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\* 1. *Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries; and of the Discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa. 1858-1864.* By David and Charles Livingstone. With Maps and Illustrations. John Murray.

2. *Memoir of Bishop Mackenzie.* By Harvey Goodwin, D.D., Dean of Ely. Second Edition. Deighton, Bell, & Co.



through villages, whose still and remote peacefulness and plenty sometimes almost makes us wonder whether civilization be a blessing or a curse, until we pass, perhaps, that way a second time to find how the great slave hunters have swept the valley clean of all its peace and beauty. No outline that we can give can at all convey to the reader the interest of this fascinating volume. It is a wild story of scientific adventure. We purposely combine these two characterizations ; over our own minds and fancies it has exercised the wonderful witchery of an opium dream. Its pages teem with those delicious words and pictures of strange men and their strange manners ; strange creatures—insects in the air, birds among the trees, beasts on the earth, and fishes in the rivers, making the life of cities seem tame, wearisome, and monotonous, in the comparison. The book is so full of curious things and bright things, that, in truth, we find it difficult to quote. As the Doctor anchored off Tette, September 8th, 1858, his old friends, the Makololo, as they saw him approaching in the boat, rushed down to the water side, manifesting great joy at seeing him again. Some were hastening to embrace him, but the others cried out, "Don't touch him, you will spoil his new clothes !" Here, and further forward, the Doctor found the country to which he was pressing forward was a realm of myth, and fable, and night, even to his guides and servants. Sleeping under trees in the open air, after they had kindled their evening fires, and felt their security from prowling leopards and other beasts, they had to listen even there to travellers' tales. Thus, among the tribes of the Badema, at the foot of Kebrabasa :—

One of the Tette slaves, who wished to be considered a great traveller, gave us, as we sat by our evening fire, an interesting account of a strange race of men whom he had seen in the interior ; they were only three feet high, and had horns growing out of their heads ; they lived in a large town, and had plenty of food. The Makololo pooh-poohed this story, and roundly told the narrator that he was telling a downright lie. "We come from the interior," cried out a tall fellow, measuring some six feet four, "are *we* dwarfs ? have *we* horns on our heads ?" and thus they laughed the fellow to scorn. But he still stoutly maintained that he had seen these little people, and had actually been in their town ; thus making himself the hero of the traditional story, which before and since the time of Herodotus has, with curious persistency, clung to the native mind. The mere fact that such absurd notions are permanent, even in the entire absence of literature, invests the religious ideas of these people also with importance, as fragments of the wreck of a primitive faith floating down the stream of time.

It was here, in a portion of travelling not the most difficult



which the Doctor adventured, that the Makololo began to doubt him; they told him they "always thought he had a heart, but "now they believed he had none." They tried to persuade his companion, Dr. Kirk, to return, on the ground that it must be evident, in attempting to go where no living foot had ever trod, his leader had given unmistakable signs of having gone mad. The Doctor, however, pressed on, through what he calls "as tough a bit of travel as they ever had in Africa," to the examination of a great cataract called Morumb-wa. It is at this point that the *Saturday Review*, in its favourable notice of Livingstone's volume, makes the curious blunder of charging the Doctor with narrating his experience of dreaming that he was a lunatic. Indeed he does not say this at all; but in the wild clefts of the mountain Chipereziwa, in the achievement of the adventure, he describes how sleep became a curative of what might have been incipient sunstroke; although he says, "the "sun, excessively hot and sharp in Africa, never, that he heard, "produced a single case of sunstroke." Sleep seems to have been the salvation from this. Some laughable incidents, and some curious and interesting in the way of language, present themselves; to the surprise of some readers, doubtless, Dr. Livingstone speaks of many of these African tribes as "speaking "a beautiful language, having no vulgar *patois*." He ludicrously alludes to the way in which, we suppose, his sailors employed broken English, and how possible it is unconsciously to caricature ourselves and not the negroes. It seems to have been a curious fact that they pretty invariably began to speak to the natives by adding the letters *e* and *o* to their words, "Givee me corrie, me givee you biscuito," or "Looko, looko, me "wante beero muche." He says, "Our sailors began thus, "though they had never seen blacks before." He thinks the complaint of the poverty of the language is often only a proof of the scanty attainments of the complainant, and gross mistakes are often made by the most experienced. He says, "We "once caught a sound like *Syria* as the name of a country on "the other side of the river. It was *Psidia*, and meant "only *the other side*. A grave professor put down in a scientific "work *Kaia* as the native name of a certain lizard. *Kaia* "simply means '*I don't know!*' the answer which he received. "This name was also applied in equal innocence to a range of "mountains." We have referred to what we must call the romantic pictures, which present themselves to us in the course of the journey—pictures of simple African village life—here is such a one:—

The sites of the villages are selected with judgment and good taste, as a flowing stream is always near, and shady trees grow around. In many cases the trees have been planted by the headman himself. The Boalo, or spreading-place, is generally at one end of the village; it is an area of twenty or thirty yards, made smooth and neat, near the favourite banyan and other trees, which throw a grateful shade over it. Here the men sit at various sorts of work during the day, and smoke tobacco and bang; and here, on the clear delicious moonlight nights, they sing, dance, and drink beer.

On entering a village, we proceeded, as all strangers do, at once to the Boalo: mats of split reeds or bamboo were usually spread for us to sit on. Our guides then told the men who might be there, who we were, whence we had come, whither we wanted to go, and what were our objects. This information was duly carried to the Chief, who, if a sensible man, came at once; but, if he happened to be timid and suspicious, waited until he had used divination, and his warriors had time to come in from outlying hamlets. When he makes his appearance, all the people begin to clap their hands in unison, and continue doing so till he sits down opposite to us. His counsellors take their places beside him. He makes a remark or two, and is then silent for a few seconds. Our guides then sit down in front of the chief and his counsellors, and both parties lean forward, looking earnestly at each other; the Chief repeats a word such as "Ambuiatu" (our Father, or master)—or "moio" (life), and all clap their hands. Another word is followed by two claps, a third by still more clapping, when each touches the ground with both hands placed together. Then all rise, and lean forward with measured clap, and sit down again with clap, clap, clap, fainter, and still fainter, till the last dies away, or is brought to an end by a smart loud clap from the Chief. They keep perfect time in this species of court etiquette. Our guides now tell the Chief, often in blank verse, all they have already told his people, with the addition perhaps of their own suspicions of the visitors. He asks some questions, and then converses with us through the guides. Direct communication between the chief and the head of the stranger party is not customary. In approaching they often ask who is the spokesman, and the spokesman of the Chief addresses the person indicated exclusively. There is no lack of punctilious good manners. The accustomed presents are exchanged, with civil ceremoniousness; until our men, wearied and hungry, call out, "English do not buy slaves, they buy food," and then the people bring meal, maize, fowls, batatas, yams, beans, beer, for sale.

Singular, among the Manganja, the Doctor found not only the wonderful ornaments adorning the women—throatlets, anklets, bracelets of brass, copper, and iron—but that most extraordinary ornament, the *pelele*, or *lip-ring*. "Why do the women wear these things?" we inquired of the old chief Chinsunse; evidently surprised at such a stupid question, he replied, "For beauty, to be sure; men have beards and whiskers, women

"have none, and what kind of a creature would a woman be without whiskers, and without the pelele? She would have a mouth like a man, and no beard." These Manganja seem to be an intemperate race; they make a kind of native beer of a pinkish colour, and the consistency of gruel: the Doctor's dark comrades liked it, however; it was brought out to them in every village through which they passed. Nor does it seem to shorten life among those hills: "Never before did we see so many old grey-headed men and women, leaning on their staves; they came out with the others to see the white men." Their aged Chief could not have been less than ninety years of age; his name was Muata Manga; his venerable appearance struck the Makololo. "He is an old man," said they, "very old man; his skin hangs in wrinkles just like the skin on an elephant's hips." The Doctor asked him, "Did he never have a fit of travelling come over him? A desire to see other lands and people?" "No, he never felt that. Never been far from home in his life." It will be gratifying to anti-hydropathists to learn, that for their long life these patriarchs are not indebted to their frequent ablutions. "An old man told us, that he remembered to have washed once in his life, but it was so long since, that he had forgotten how it felt." 'Why do you wash?' asked Chinsunse's women of the Makololo; 'Our men never do.' But it is not wonderful to hear, in connection with this, that they are very subject to cutaneous diseases. The idea of washing, however, seems to have been ludicrously dreadful to them. The travellers were followed for some days by a man in the Upper Shire Valley, who favoured them with a number of queer geographical strictures. He went before them into every village they entered, annoyingly proclaiming: "These people have wandered, they do not know where they are going!" It was of no use to scold him; as soon as they started, he started on their line of march, with his little bag over his shoulder, containing his worldly gear. Ready with his uncalled-for remarks; it was vain to order him away; at last they seem to have hit upon a happy expedient. They threatened to take him down to the river and wash him; and from that time he vanished, and they saw him no more. These remote creatures have their religious thoughts, too, and not unlike some of ours. While they mourn for their dead, they worship a Supreme Being. "We live only a few days here," said old Chinsunse, "but we live again after death, we do not know where, or in what condition, or with what companions, for the dead never return to tell us. Sometimes



“ the dead do come back, and appear to us in dreams, but they “ never speak, nor tell us where they have gone, nor how they “ fare.” Our traveller’s interviews with creatures of the inferior races, are sometimes recited in very good-humoured fashion, but they must often have been far from comfortable; on the river, and on its banks, he seems to have been ludicrously pestered by rats :—

We passed the night in the long shed, erected at Nterra, on the banks of this river, for the use of travellers, who have often to wait several days for canoes; we tried to sleep, but the mosquitoes and rats were so troublesome as to render sleep impossible. The rats, or rather large mice, closely resembling *Mus pumilio* (Smith), of this region, are quite facetious, and, having a great deal of fun in them, often laugh heartily. Again and again they woke us up by scampering over our faces, and then bursting into a loud laugh of He ! he ! he ! at having performed the feat. Their sense of the ludicrous appears to be exquisite; they screamed with laughter at the attempts, which disturbed and angry human nature made in the dark to bring their ill-timed merriment to a close. Unlike their prudent European cousins, which are said to leave a sinking ship, a party of these took up their quarters in our leaky and sinking vessel. Quiet and invisible by day, they emerged at night, and cut their funny pranks. No sooner were we all asleep, than they made a sudden dash over the lockers and across our faces for the cabin door, where all broke out into a loud He ! he ! he ! he ! he ! he ! showing how keenly they enjoyed the joke. They next went forward with as much delight, and scampered over the men. Every night they went fore and aft, rousing with impartial feet every sleeper, and laughing to scorn the aimless blows, growls, and deadly rushes of outraged humanity.

Then there were scorpions, centipedes, and poisonous spiders; and is not the following very pleasant ?—

Snakes sometimes came in with the wood, but oftener floated down the river to us, climbing on board with ease by the chain-cable, and some poisonous ones were caught in the cabin. A green snake lived with us several weeks, concealing himself behind the casing of the deckhouse in the daytime. To be aroused in the dark by five feet of cold green snake gliding over one’s face, is rather unpleasant, however rapid the movement may be. Myriads of two varieties of cockroaches infested the vessel; they not only ate round the roots of our nails, but even devoured and defiled our food, flannels, and boots; vain were all our efforts to extirpate these destructive pests; if you kill one, say the sailors, a hundred come down to his funeral ! In the work of Commodore Owen it is stated that cockroaches, pounded into a paste, form a powerful carminative; this has not been confirmed, but when monkeys are fed on them they are sure to become so lean as to suggest the idea, that for



fat people a course of cockroach might be as efficacious as a course of Banting.

From the river-side, into the woods, and among the Kebra-basa hills again, they met with other creatures—the Doctor's old friend, the lion; they saw also men to whom superstition attached the power of transforming themselves into lions. One such appeared; the Doctor told his guides to ask him to change himself at once, and he would give him a bit of cloth for his performance. "Oh, no," said they, "if we tell him so, he may change himself, and come when we are asleep, and kill us." It is believed that the souls of departed chiefs enter into lions. Our traveller relates a strange interview in which some of his party reasoned satirically with a real lion who came close to their camp:—

Tuba Mokoro, imbued with the popular belief that the beast was a Chief in disguise, scolded him roundly during his brief intervals of silence. "You a Chief, eh? You call yourself a Chief, do you? What kind of Chief are you to come sneaking about in the dark, trying to steal our buffalo meat? Are you not ashamed of yourself? A pretty Chief truly; you are like the scavenger beetle, and think of yourself only. You have not the heart of a Chief; why don't you kill your own beef? You must have a stone in your chest, and no heart at all, indeed!" Tuba Mokoro producing no impression on the transformed Chief, one of the men, the most sedate of the party, who seldom spoke, took up the matter, and tried the lion in another strain. In his slow quiet way he expostulated with him on the impropriety of such conduct to strangers, who had never injured him. "We were travelling peaceably through the country back to our own Chief. We never killed people, nor stole anything. The buffalo meat was ours, not his, and it did not become a great Chief like him to be prowling round in the dark, trying, like a hyena, to steal the meat of strangers. He might go and hunt for himself, as there was plenty of game in the forest." The Pondoro, being deaf to reason, and only roaring the louder, the men became angry, and threatened to send a ball through him if he did not go away. They snatched up their guns to shoot him, but he prudently kept in the dark, outside of the luminous circle made by our camp fires, and there they did not like to venture. A little strychnine was put into a piece of meat, and thrown to him, when he soon departed, and we heard no more of the majestic sneaker.

We are talking of the Doctor's interviews with various animals; it may be gratifying to the descendants of Soyer, and cuisinery artistes, to receive his impressions about cooked elephant—not only the taste of it, but the mode of cooking. Not only in this, but in his previous volume, our traveller conveys to us

the impression that necessity makes a man acquainted with strange cookery. He thinks elephant's trunk and tongue very good; and, after long simmering, much resembles the hump of a buffalo, or the tongue of an ox. His verdict upon the other parts is, "very tough, and only palatable when very hungry." Excepting from the other parts, though, the foot, the Doctor becomes almost epicurean, as he describes his breakfast of elephant's foot; but it took a long time to cook. A large hole was dug in the ground, in which a fire was made; and when the inside was thoroughly heated, the entire foot was placed in it, and covered over with hot ashes and soil. Another fire was made above the whole, and kept burning all night; "we had the foot then dressed the next morning for breakfast, and found it delicious. It is a whitish mass, slightly gelatinous, and sweet, like marrow." But after a breakfast of elephant's foot, the Doctor recommends a long march, to prevent biliousness. Crocodile's eggs, also, seem to have come in the way of the Doctor's palate. He speaks of them as much resembling custard—a delightful *recherché* variety for a table in Belgravia. It is not every table that could afford the rarity of crocodile's eggs.

In 1860, the expedition passed on from Kebrabasa into the Chicora plains. Will our readers see another NIGHT ENCAMPMENT?—

Having now entered a country where lions were numerous, our men began to pay greater attention to the arrangements of the camp at night. As they are accustomed to do with their Chiefs, they place the white men in the centre; Kanyata, his men, and the two donkeys, camp on our right; Tuba Mokoro's party of Bashubia are in front, Masakasa, and Sininyane's body of Batoka, on the left, and in the rear, six Tette men have their fires. In placing their fires they are careful to put them where the smoke will not blow in our faces. Soon after we halt, the spot for the English is selected, and all regulate their places accordingly, and deposit their burdens. The men take it by turns to cut some of the tall dry grass, and spread it for our beds on a spot, either naturally level, or smoothed by the hoe; some, appointed to carry our bedding, then bring our rugs and karosses, and place the three rugs in a row on the grass; Dr. Livingstone's being in the middle, Dr. Kirk's on the right, and Charles Livingstone's on the left. Our bags, rifles, and revolvers are carefully placed at our heads, and a fire made near our feet. We have no tent nor covering of any kind except the branches of the tree under which we may happen to lie; and it is a pretty sight to look up and see every branch, leaf, and twig of the tree stand out, reflected against the clear star-spangled and moonlit sky. The stars of the first magnitude have names which convey the same meaning over very wide tracts of country. Here when Venus comes out in the evenings, she is called Ntanda, the eldest or first-born, and

Manjika, the first-born of morning, at other times; she has so much radiance when shining alone, that she casts a shadow. Sirius is named *Knewa usiko*, "drawer of night," because supposed to draw the whole night after it. The moon has no evil influence in this country, so far as we know. We have lain and looked up at her, till sweet sleep closed our eyes, unharmed. Four or five of our men were affected with moon-blindness at Tette; though they had not slept out of doors there, they became so blind that their comrades had to guide their hands to the general dish of food; the affection is unknown in their own country. When our posterity shall have discovered what it is which, distinct from foul smells, causes fever, and what, apart from the moon, causes men to be moon-struck, they will pity our dulness of perception.

The men cut a very small quantity of grass for themselves, and sleep in *fumbas* or sleeping-bags, which are double mats of palm-leaf, six feet long by four wide, and sewn together round three parts of the square, and left open only on one side. They are used as a protection from the cold, wet, and mosquitoes, and are entered as we should get into our beds, were the blankets nailed to the top, bottom, and one side of the bedstead. When they are all inside their *fumbas*, nothing is seen but sacks lying all about the different fires. At times two persons sleep inside one, which is, indeed, close packing.

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A dozen fires are nightly kindled in the camp; and these, being replenished from time to time by the men who are awakened by the cold, are kept burning until daylight. Abundance of dry hard wood is obtained with little trouble; and burns beautifully. After the great business of cooking and eating is over, all sit round the camp-fires, and engage in talking or singing. Every evening one of the *Batoka* plays his *sansa*, and continues at it until far into the night; he accompanies it with an extempore song, in which he rehearses their deeds ever since they left their own country. At times animated political discussions spring up, and the amount of eloquence expended on these occasions is amazing. The whole camp is aroused, and the men shout to one another from the different fires; whilst some, whose tongues are never heard on any other subject, now burst forth into impassioned speech. The misgovernment of Chiefs furnishes an inexhaustible theme. "We could govern ourselves better," they cry, "so what is the use of Chiefs at all? they do not work. The Chief is fat, and has plenty of wives; whilst we, who do the hard work, have hunger, only one wife, or more likely none; now this must be bad, unjust, and wrong." All shout to this a loud "eh," equivalent to our "hear, hear." Next the headman, *Kanyata*, and *Tuba* with his loud voice, are heard taking up the subject on the loyal side. "The Chief is the father of the people; can there be a people without a father, eh? God made the Chief. Who says that the Chief is not wise? He is wise; but his children are fools." *Tuba* goes on generally till he has silenced all opposition; and if his arguments are not always sound, his voice is the loudest, and he is sure to have the last word.



As the travellers went on their way, the Doctor was painfully impressed by the repulsiveness of the European white man. It was the colour associated, over that whole region, with cruelty and slavery. Peaceful villages instantly became scenes of hubbub and confusion. But the Doctor's party everywhere proclaimed—and at last it became, over the wide region of the Zambesi and the Nyassa, his passport to confidence—that he did not come to buy slaves, but to open up the ways of trade; to talk about cotton; especially, also, to declare to them that they and the whites were the children of the same Almighty Father. He found, however, some who could not be brought to believe this. One old Chief remarked, that “they could not become white, if they washed ever so much.” It is to us, and to our kind of thought and feeling, much more than gratifying to find how this earnest-hearted, illustrious traveller, while indulging in no sentimental vapourings, simply and practically sees the good and the hopeful in the African character. His volume constitutes an affecting recital of the injuries inflicted, the immense thousands constantly swept away by the slave-trade; and the greater number still, the aged and the very young, the infirm, and weak, left to perish. He passed whole districts and villages, where skeletons strewed his path, the bleaching bones left behind by the hunters of men; and came on other districts, where he was horrified by the stench in the air of decomposing bodies, before he turned aside and found their festering remains in the woods. Sometimes, as at Zumbo, he came upon the ruins of an old Jesuit missionary church and station. He does not often allow himself to indulge in feelings which may be called sentimental; but if his language be not what rhetoricians would call eloquent, he is always graphic and picturesque. Here we are at

#### THE RUINS OF ZUMBO.

We remained a day by the ruins of Zumbo. The early traders, guided probably by Jesuit missionaries, must have been men of taste and sagacity. They selected for their village the most charmingly picturesque site in the country, and had reason to hope that it would soon be enriched by the lucrative trade of the rivers Zambesi and Loangwa pouring into it from north and west, and by the gold and ivory of the Manica country on the south. The Portuguese of the present day have certainly reason to be proud of the enterprise of their ancestors. If ever in the Elysian fields the conversation of these ancient and honourable men, who dared so much for Christianity, turns on their African descendants, it will be difficult for them to reciprocate the feeling. The chapel, near which lies a broken church bell, commands a glorious view of the two noble rivers,—the green fields—the undulating forest—the pleasant



hills, and the magnificent mountains in the distance. It is an utter ruin now, and desolation broods around. The wild bird, disturbed by the unwonted sound of approaching footsteps, rises with a harsh scream. Thorn-bushes, marked with the ravages of white ants, rank grass with prickly barbed seeds, and noxious weeds, overrun the whole place. The foul hyena has defiled the sanctuary, and the midnight-owl has perched on its crumbling walls, to disgorge the undigested remnant of its prey. One can scarcely look without feelings of sadness on the utter desolation of a place where men have met to worship the Supreme Being, or have united in uttering the magnificent words, "Thou art the King of glory, O Christ!" and remember, that the natives of this part know nothing of His religion, not even His name; a strange superstition makes them shun this sacred place, as men do the pestilence, and they never come near it. Apart from the ruins, there is nothing to remind one that a Christian power ever had traders here; for the natives of to-day are precisely what their fathers were, when the Portuguese first rounded the Cape. Their language, unless buried in the Vatican, is still unwritten. Not a single art, save that of distilling spirits by means of a gun-barrel, has ever been learnt from the strangers; and, if all the progeny of the whites were at once to leave the country, their only memorial would be the ruins of a few stone and mud-built walls, and that blighting relic of the slave-trade, the belief that man may sell his brother man; a belief which is not of native origin, for it is not found except in the track of the Portuguese.

Our traveller must be a dear lover of bright birds, song birds; wherever they flit and sing, he knows, if there be no other signs, that he is approaching the residences of men, or springs of water. Rich varieties of birds appear, too; here is a congregation of them near Tette:—

The winter birds of passage, such as the yellow wagtail and blue drongo shrikes, have all gone, and other kinds have come; the brown kite with his piping like a boatswain's whistle, the spotted cuckoo with a call like "pula," and the roller and horn-bill with their loud high notes, are occasionally distinctly heard, though generally this harsher music is half drowned in the volume of sweet sounds poured forth from many a throbbing throat, which makes an African Christmas seem like an English May. Some birds of the weaver kind have laid aside their winter garments of a sober brown, and appear in a gay summer dress of scarlet and jet black; others have passed from green to bright yellow with patches like black velvet. The brisk little cock whydah-bird with a pink bill, after assuming his summer garb of black and white, has graceful plumes attached to his new coat; his finery, as some believe, is to please at least seven hen birds with which he is said to live. Birds of song are not entirely confined to villages; but they have in Africa so often been observed to *congregate* around villages, as to produce the impression that song and beauty may have been intended to please the ear

and eye of man, for it is only when we approach the haunts of men that we know that the time of the singing of birds is come. We once thought that the little creatures were attracted to man only by grain and water, till we saw deserted villages, the people all swept off by slavery, with grain standing by running streams, but no birds. A red-throated black weaver-bird comes in flocks a little later, wearing a long train of magnificent plumes, which seem to be greatly in his way when working for his dinner among the long grass. A goatsucker or night jar (*Cometornis vexillarius*), only ten inches long from head to tail, also attracts the eye in November by a couple of feathers twenty-six inches long in the middle of each wing, the ninth and tenth from the outside. They give a slow wavy motion to the wings, and evidently retard his flight, for at other times he flies so quick that no boy could hit him with a stone. The natives can kill a hare by throwing a club, and make good running shots, but no one ever struck a night jar in common dress, though in the evening twilight they settle close to one's feet. What may be the object of the flight of the male bird being retarded we cannot tell. The males alone possess these feathers, and only for a time.

But much as we have quoted, and are quoting, our readers will be pleased, we are sure, to see the account of the faithful

#### HONEY-GUIDE:—

The honey-guide is an extraordinary bird; how is it that every member of its family has learned that all men, white or black, are fond of honey? The instant the little fellow gets a glimpse of a man, he hastens to greet him with the hearty invitation to come, as Mbia translated it, to a bees' hive, and take some honey. He flies on in the proper direction, perches on a tree, and looks back to see if you are following; then on to another and another, until he guides you to the spot. If you do not accept his first invitation he follows you with pressing importunities, quite as anxious to lure the stranger to the bees' hive as other birds are to draw him away from their own nests. Except while on the march, our men were sure to accept the invitation, and manifested the same by a peculiar responsive whistle, meaning, as they said, "All right, go ahead; we are coming." The bird never deceived them, but always guided them to a hive of bees, though some had but little honey in store. Has this peculiar habit of the honey-guide its origin, as the attachment of dogs, in friendship for man, or in love for the sweet pickings of the plunder left on the ground? Self-interest aiding in preservation from danger seems to be the rule in most cases, as, for instance, in the bird that guards the buffalo and rhinoceros. The grass is often so tall and dense that one could go close up to these animals quite unperceived; but the guardian bird, sitting on the beast, sees the approach of danger, flaps its wings and screams, which causes its bulky charge to rush off from a foe he has neither seen nor heard; for his reward the vigilant little watcher has the pick of the parasites of his fat friend. In

other cases a chance of escape must be given even by the animal itself to its prey ; as in the rattle-snake, which, when excited to strike, cannot avoid using his rattle, any more than the cat can resist curling its tail when excited in the chase of a mouse, or the cobra can refrain from inflating the loose skin of the neck and extending it laterally, before striking its poison fangs into its victim. There were many snakes in parts of this pass ; they basked in the warm sunshine, but rustled off through the leaves as we approached. We observed one morning a small one of a deadly poisonous species, named Kakone, on a bush by the way-side, quietly resting in a horizontal position, digesting a lizard for breakfast. Though openly in view, its colours and curves so closely resembled a small branch that some failed to see it, even after being asked if they perceived anything on the bush. Here also one of our number had a glance at another species, rarely seen, and whose swift lightning-like motion has given rise to the native proverb, that when a man sees this snake he will forthwith become a rich man.

The charming interest of these quotations must be our apology for their frequency and length ; indeed, we know not when we have met with a volume of travels which permits to the fancy so free and full a wing, and scope of power : the only work recently published resembling it in this, is Palgrave's book of adventure among the Wahhabees ; but altogether delightful as, our readers will remember, those volumes were, the interest was somewhat of another order. Accompanying Livingstone, we find ourselves among such strange things ; we travel through scenes where every day the wildest forms of animal life cease to startle either by their wonderfulness or variety ; zebras and water-bucks rush off before the wind ; antelopes of many species calmly graze, not having learned to dread the Enfield bullet ; but a peculiar kind of wild pig cocks his slender tail in the air, and scampers off in a swift, straight line, as steady as a locomotive on a railroad ; troops of monkeys chatter and bark on the edge of the forest, or go scampering back to its depths. A new world comes forth by night and by day ; lions and hyenas roar around disagreeably near ; strange birds sing and scream, or pour forth their agreeable songs, and marvellous insect-sounds fall on the ear ; one from a large beetle, resembling a succession of measured musical blows on an anvil, while others are perfectly indescribable. Also, at evening, the mountain sides were, for miles, frequently all ablaze with fire, in the season of the grass-burning, and in the distance it seemed like a broad zigzag line of fire in the heavens. In these districts, as they passed along, the ground was strewn with agates, while the splendid buffalo heads reminded the travellers that this would be a rich country for horn fanciers. They came to the country



of the *Go-naked*s, the delicate and suggestive substantive by which the natives described themselves, the *Baenda Pezi*; the only clothing of these interesting people was a coat of red ochre; they however seemed to feel no less decent than the travellers did with their clothes on. So they passed along the cool and bracing heights, exhilarating mind and body by their clear, bracing atmosphere. Among other most interesting particulars are the accounts of the usages of the people; their superstitions, arms, and instruments. There is little, however, if anything, to create any prejudice against them; they seem a people not wanting in power, and if with many of the attributes of the barbarian, yet giving unmistakable evidences of their manhood—not wanting in hospitality, with assured religious ideas, and apparently a clear capacity for improvement. Pleasant it is to read of the merry games of children in the villages in the cool of the evening, and certainly not unamusing to hear of their surprise, sometimes linked to pity, at the scientific usages and instruments of the travellers. One of the ladies of the Makololo observed Livingstone making observations on the wet and dry bulb thermometers; she thought he was engaged in play, and said, with roguish glee, "Poor thing, playing like little child." Some had more terrible illustrations of the power of the white man; they met with one old man who retained a vivid recollection of his having encountered in 1824 some users of guns; he said, "As we looked at the men and horses, puffs of smoke arose, and some of us dropped down dead; never saw anything like it in my life; a man's brains lying in one place and his body in another;" he could not understand what was killing them. Dr. Livingstone had a striking illustration of the honesty of some of these wild creatures.

Among the articles put into the hands of Sekeletu's wives for greater security were two manuscript volumes of notes, which, on starting in 1853 from the interior to the West Coast, Dr. Livingstone wished, in the event of his never returning from that hazardous journey, to be transmitted to his family. A letter was left with them, addressed to any English traveller or trader, and expressing a desire that the volumes might be handed to Mr. Moffat. One contained notes on the discovery of Lake Ngami, and on the Kalahari Desert; the other, notes on its natural history. The Makololo, who had guarded all the rest of the property most faithfully, declared that they had delivered the books to one of the only two traders who had visited them. When they were now told that the person in question denied their reception, Seipone, one of Sekeletu's wives, said, "He lies, I gave them to him myself." Conscience seems to have worked; for the trader, having gone to Moselekatse's country, one of the volumes was



put into the mail-bag coming from the south, which came to hand with the lock taken off in quite a scientific manner.

Also they confessed that they needed much the light which guided the white man. "They needed," they said, "the Book of God." And it is very interesting to notice that a reference to the truth of the book and the Author, always seemed to have a greater influence on the native mind than any cleverness of illustration. Everywhere, however, the curse of the slave-trade proclaimed itself in depraving all the higher instincts of the tribes; and being the cause of horrors and cruelties innumerable and unspeakable. Our travellers sometimes were able to take the part of the oppressed, and to liberate them. After such an adventure, one little boy, of a company to whom they had given freedom, with the simplicity of childhood said, "The others tied and starved us, you cut the ropes, and tell us 'to eat; what sort of people are you? Where did you come 'from?' We cannot, in our pages, accompany our travellers in their start for, and discovery of, Lake Nyassa, the lake of storms; it is a wonderful lake.

"How far is it to the end of the lake?" we inquired of an intelligent-looking native at the south part. "The other end of the lake!" he exclaimed, in real or well-feigned astonishment, "who ever heard of such a thing? Why, if one started when a mere boy to walk to the other end of the lake, he would be an old grey-headed man before he got there. I never heard of such a thing being attempted."

Death found the travellers, as our readers know, in the wilderness; beneath a great Baobab tree, Dr. Livingstone, accompanied by a little band of his countrymen, left, in a night service, the body of his brave and beloved wife, the daughter of the great Moffat: and Bishop Mackenzie, who had left behind his probabilities of promotion in his church in England, to take charge of the Mission, had not joined it long before he fell a victim to the severe climate. Our readers remember how Dr. Livingstone was severely impeached and charged with the failure of the Mission; it is very satisfactory to his own friends to see how fully, by the letters of Bishop Mackenzie himself, he is exonerated; it is now certain had Livingstone's advice been followed, the results would probably have been very different. We have conjoined the name of the first Bishop with the name of the illustrious traveller and discoverer of those regions; not, of course, in the feeling that there is any kind of equality in the claims of the men. Bishop Mackenzie was a

brave man, and we have pleasure in introducing the second edition of his life to the attention of our readers ; but his successor failed altogether, and soon, we understand, quite left the field of labour. We shall hope for an opportunity to renew Mackenzie's life and efforts in another paper ; meantime, the true Bishop of the Makololo, the region of the Zambesi, and Nyassa, is our great traveller, Livingstone himself. There is something absurd in sending a man, however able and daring, from the banks of the Cam or Isis, or an English vicarage, to those wild, fever-haunted, unfathomable solitudes ; while the method pursued by Mackenzie, we confess, seems to proclaim the folly of carrying Anglican sacerdotalism to those strange regions and savage tribes, who certainly do not need the glittering ritual, but the knowledge of Christ crucified.

## V.

## WHAT IS A HYMN?\*

AS every distinct congregation now seems as much to need its own Hymn-book as its own minister, we are not surprised that Dr. Thomas has set before himself the task which here, in this volume, we behold accomplished. But the dogma which has governed its execution, and the method and spirit in which the compilation has been wrought out, seem to call for some criticism. If Dr. Thomas chooses, with the consenting will of his own church and congregation, to publish and use, in this more private connection, such a Hymn-book as this before us, we may regret, but it would be scarcely a case for protest, or extensive criticism ; but when it is implied that the method of this Hymn-book is the only sound method of Christian service, and, by the extensive advertisement of it, other congregations are invited to the use of such a method of the service of song, we think those interested in the general questions of public devotion and psalmody may be expected to offer upon the book more than a passing opinion.

Dr. Thomas quotes, in his titlepage, a saying of St. Augustine :

\* *The Augustine Hymn-Book. A Hymnal for all Churches.* Compiled by David Thomas, D.D. F. Pitman.

"A hymn must be *praise*; *praise* to God, and this in the form "of song." The sentence was quoted in the *Quarterly Review* for 1862, to give effect to its own words, "That hymns should "be addressed *to* God, one would not expect to find doubted, "yet, practically, this rule has been set aside." We believe there is much spiritual wisdom in this, nor could we take exception to it as a canon for the service of holy song; but to the application of the canon in the *Augustine Hymn-book*, we take very great exception, and believe that, in the application of the rule, the compiler has sadly narrowed the range of Christian and devotional feeling. The *Te Deum* is a most noble and glorious hymn, but there are other chords of Christian harmony and melody it does not include; and in this matter, why should we go beyond, or seek to be wiser, than the Book of Psalms? Have we, in those wonderful and inspired expressions, only the song of praise addressed *to* God? There are thoughts *about* God, there are murmurings and breathings of contrition, there are inward recollections of his past dealings with the soul; they are not all triumph and rapture, or ascription. A hymn may be a hymn of praise, even when it is not addressed to God. Dr. Thomas seems to us to act as a sculptor who should erect a monument to the Duke of Wellington, but feel that it was no monument to his honour unless it bore the inscription, "*Thou art the Duke of Wellington.*" And many of those strains and tones in which the spirit wails in grief, and sits longing in the shadow—when the eyes are closed to the splendours of the Godhead, and the night is round the spirit—may be not the less, in their faith, and patience, and hope, hymns of praise. Hymns of praise, although, perhaps, like "My God, my Father, while I stray," rather suited for the cloister than the choir—the oratory than the sanctuary.

Dr. Thomas has quoted the words of Augustine from the *Quarterly Review*; and as he intended to rear so large a superstructure on them, he ought to have referred to Augustine's own words, and thus have verified them. In fact, as they have been quoted by the writer in the *Quarterly*, we believe they do not occur in Augustine at all; the article in the *Quarterly* was intended to depreciate experimental and evangelical utterances in hymns. The article sneers at some hymns as "legacies "left us by the high-pew system, when men, curtained in oak "and red baize, may have thought they came to church for "their private orisons." Augustine's words are:—

Hymns are praises of God accompanied with singing: hymns are songs containing the praise of God. If there be praise, and it be not of God, it is no hymn: if there be praise, and God's praise,



*and it be not sung, it is no hymn.* It must needs, then, if it be a hymn, have these three things, both praise, and that of God, and singing. What is then, *there have failed the hymns?* There have failed the praises which are sung unto God. He seemeth to tell of a thing painful, and, so to speak, deplorable. For he that singeth praise, not only praiseth, but also praiseth with gladness: he that singeth praise, not only singeth, but also loveth him of whom he singeth. *In praise, there is the speaking forth of one confessing, in singing; the affection of one loving.*

Now, we think this will scarcely bear the rigid constructive groove-work into which Dr. Thomas has fitted his compilation. It is consistent with the chief end of the hymn as praise to God, that it should be a rapture of Christian experience, like many of those which have evidently only received the condemnation of the present compiler.

There is something, to us, really absurd in the distinction, drawn in this volume, between hymns and sacred poetry, from which it follows, as they are included in sacred poetry, that such pieces as the following are not hymns of praise:—

- "Grace, 'tis a charming sound."
- "When I survey the wondrous cross."
- "Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day."
- "The God of Abram praise."
- "Not all the blood of beasts."
- "Come, we that love the Lord."
- "When I can read my title clear."
- "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings."
- "The spacious firmament on high."
- "With joy we meditate the grace."
- "Where high the heavenly temple stands."

Upon every admission that a hymn should be a song of praise, what is there to hinder the admission of such hymns, and sentiments, and expressions as, for instance, the following translations by Rev. Dr. Neale, from the hymns of the Eastern Church. Thus, from

S. STEPHEN, THE SABAITE.

Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distrest?  
"Come to Me"—saith One—"and coming,  
Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my guide?  
"In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints,  
And His Side."



have quoted seem to have been omitted on principle, and they are of hymns too precious to be omitted from *any* compilation intended to help the struggling devotions of the church; and as substitutions for such dear wise-honoured words, does Dr. Thomas think that such, as these pieces of his own composition, supply an equivalent? Although they are addressed to God and to the Saviour, we could only include them among the pieces of sacred poetry; and they certainly cannot take rank with those which he has included beneath that demonstration, in this volume. They are wanting in that subdued feeling, that reverent, reserved homage, which seems to us most essential to a hymn of praise: the first is a hymn of thankfulness for the holy departed dead:—

For all the great men who are gone,  
Who now in heaven surround Thy throne,  
We praise Thy Name, O Saviour;  
Though from our spheres they've passed away,  
We think of them with love this day,  
And praise Thy name, O Saviour:  
Saviour, Saviour, let their virtues  
Downward flow in deepening river,  
Now and through all time for ever.

For bards that struck the lyre of truth,  
And all who gave to freedom birth,  
We praise Thy Name, O Saviour:  
For all who fought in freedom's fight,  
And gave their life's blood for the right,  
We praise Thy Name, O Saviour:  
Saviour, Saviour, let their virtues  
Downward flow in deepening river,  
Now and through all time for ever.

For saints that prayed, and seers that taught,  
And all who for the righteous fought,  
We praise Thy Name, O Saviour;  
For mighty preachers of Thy Word,  
And all who nobly serve Thee, Lord,  
We praise Thy Name, O Saviour:  
Saviour, Saviour, let their virtues  
Downward flow in deepening river,  
Now and through all time for ever.

For all heroes, martyrs, sages,  
Men whose faith lit up the ages,  
We praise Thy Name, O Saviour;  
And for the good of humbler name,  
Who passed from earth unknown to fame,  
We praise Thy Name, O Saviour:  
Saviour, Saviour, let their virtues  
Downward flow in deepening river  
Now and through all time for ever.

In the following, founded on old John Robinson's expression, that "God had much more light and truth to break forth from His word," is a succession of verses; it wants almost every element of the hymn. As verses, we should not only take no exception to them, but even admit them into a selection of sacred poetry; but as hymns, they are not soothing, but irritating; not subduing, but blustering:—

Aid us to search Thy Scriptures, Lord,  
 As miners search for gold;  
 There lie vast treasures unexplored,  
 And wonders yet untold.  
 Though Churches deem their creeds of worth  
 And think their systems broad,  
 Thou, Lord, hast yet more light and truth  
 To break forth from Thy Word.

*Let those who sit in priestly state,  
 As lordlings over mind,*  
 And by the notions they dictate,  
 The thoughts of men would bind,  
 Remember well that on this earth  
 It must be ever heard—  
 The Lord hath yet more light and truth  
 To break forth from His Word.

*Our little creeds why should we preach  
 As Thy full gospel, Lord,*  
 While depths of truth no sage can reach  
 Lie hidden in Thy word?  
 When shall the blest conviction reign  
 In all thy Churches, Lord,  
 That Thou hast yet more light and truth  
 To break forth from Thy Word?

Help us to shun the bigot's way,  
 Who vainly holds that he  
 Can here—the creature of a day—  
 Read out Thy full decree.  
 Beclouded pilgrims on this earth,  
 We would remember, Lord,  
 That Thou hast yet more light and truth  
 To break forth from Thy Word.

*Man's theories, how small they seem  
 To Nature's majesty!*  
 They are as atoms in the beam,  
 As sprays upon the sea.  
 Our creeds are but of humble worth  
 To Thy blest gospel, Lord;  
 For Thou hast yet more light and truth  
 To break forth from Thy Word.

O God, Thou Father of the soul,  
 Thou Author of that Word,

Is there Diadem, as Monarch,  
That His Brow adorns?  
“Yea, a Crown, in every surety,  
But of Thorns!”

If I find Him, if I follow,  
What His guerdon here?  
“Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
Many a tear.”

If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last?”  
“Sorrow vanquish’d, labour ended,  
Jordan past!”

If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay?  
“Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away!”

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless?  
“Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,  
Answer, Yes!”

Or, the following, of

S. ANDREW OF CRETE.

Christian! dost thou *see* them  
On the holy ground,  
How the troops of Midian  
Prowl and prowl around?  
Christian! up and smite them,  
Counting gain but loss:  
Smite them by the merit  
Of the Holy Cross!

Christian! dost thou *feel* them,  
How they work within,  
Striving, tempting, luring,  
Goaded into sin?  
Christian! never tremble;  
Never be down-cast!  
Smite them by the virtue  
Of the Lenten Fast!

Christian! dost thou *hear* them,  
How they speak thee fair?  
“Always fast and vigil?  
Always watch and prayer?”  
Christian! answer boldly:  
“While I breathe I pray:”  
Peace shall follow battle,  
Night shall end in day.

" Well I know thy trouble,  
 O My servant true ;  
 Thou art very weary,—  
 I was weary too :  
 But that toil shall make thee,  
 Some day, all Mine own :  
 But the end of sorrow  
 Shall be near My Throne."

Such hymns, as these, are excluded from Dr. Thomas's conception of praise, because they are not immediately addressed to God. They seem to us overflowing with the truest feelings of adoration, but adoration penetrated with gratitude. Surely our compiler does not think the element of gratitude an interference with the intensity of adoration ? The same spirit of excision has rudely cropped out to the exclusion from the Augustine Hymn-book of some of the dearest words of the Church of Christ, and some of those words themselves even taking the form of immediate adoration. We notice, as omissions, the following, which, to omit, is something like the Book of Psalms, without the CXIX., or the CIII.

" Firm as the earth Thy Gospel stands."  
 " Our God, how firm His promise stands."  
 " Jesus, immutably the same."  
 " At anchor laid, remote from home."  
 " Oh, happy day that fixed my choice."  
 " Fierce passions discompose the mind."  
 " My God, my life, my love."  
 " How shall I follow Him I serve ? "  
 " All ye that pass by."  
 " How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."  
 " Praise, everlasting praise be paid."  
 " Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise."  
 " Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme."  
 " When gathering clouds around I view."  
 " Great Former of this varied frame."  
 " Sing to the Lord that built the skies."  
 " Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone."  
 " Head of the church triumphant."  
 " Join all the glorious names."  
 " Ere the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad."

And so on, we might go on filling a page or two with the mere omissions of the church's sweetest and most precious wine of song. If Dr. Thomas should reply, " I could not include every " holy melody," we again reply, that such as most of those we



ensor, unrebuked. What is gained by such an alteration as this?—

## ORIGINAL.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign;  
Let not a thought our bosoms share,  
Which is not wholly Thine.

## DR. THOMAS.

And when our wants in prayer we ope,  
May we our choice resign;  
Of our desires be Thou the scope,  
Our pleasure only Thine.

We have no sympathy at all with those who would alter a word in that wondrous hymn,—

There is a fountain filled with blood.

We do not see the necessity for the alteration, to our mind and heart, it simply expresses the fact, Christ's death is a fountain of new life to the conscience of the sinner, to the heart of the world, but Dr. Thomas gives it us in this fashion :—

## COWPER.

There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

## DR. THOMAS.

There is a fountain full and free,  
That from Thy mercy flows,  
Thither may sinners quickly flee,  
And lose their guilty woes.

Again :—

## COWPER.

O for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

## DR. THOMAS.

Oh! for a walk with Thee, my God,  
A calm and heavenly frame,  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!

In the following hymn of Watts, Dr. Thomas, while seeming to improve the hymn, has entirely cut out two sentiments :—

## WATTS.

By long experience have I known  
Thy sovereign power to save;  
*At Thy command I venture down*  
Securely to the grave.

## DR. THOMAS.

By long experience have I known  
Thy sovereign power to save;  
*O may Thy mercy help me down*  
Securely to the grave.

Again :—

## WATTS.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run,  
His kingdom stretch from shore to  
shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
For Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown His head;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

## DR. THOMAS.

*Great Saviour reign* where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run;  
Thy kingdom spread from shore to  
shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
*To Thee let* endless prayer be made,  
*Let not Thy reign be long delayed;*  
*O let Thy name* like perfume rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

Watts fares badly at the hands of the editor of the *Augustine Hymn-book*; he has not included many of his hymns—and scarcely any of his best and most delightful—and of those quoted, scarcely one escapes without some hacking. We can well believe he would endorse the criticism uttered some years since, in a paper attributed to John Keble, and which first asserted, we believe, at length, the theory on which Dr. Thomas's book is compiled. Mr. Keble says:—

Passing by the elegant paraphrases of Addison, we arrive at the name of Dr. Watts. It is the most ungracious and unwelcome part of our present task to speak unfavourably of the well-meant contributions of good men to the cause of Christian piety, especially where they are still popular with a large class of the community. We do not object to Dr. Watts, that his psalms are not literal versions, which he did not intend them to be, but we cannot help suspecting, that the attachment of the better educated among the dissenters to this, which is, we believe, generally their hymn-book, partakes of that feeling from which many pious members of the Church adhere to old Sternhold and Hopkins. *Watts* was an excellent man, a strong reasoner, of undoubted piety, and, perhaps a rarer virtue, of true Christian charity, but in our opinion, he laboured under an irreparable deficiency for the task he undertook—he was no poet. He had a great command of scriptural language, and an extraordinary facility for versification, but his piety may induce us to make excuses for his poetry, *his poetry will do little to excite dormant piety.*

Tous the criticism is quite incomprehensible; on the contrary, we should maintain that Watts was our greatest of devotional poets, excelling especially in that *doxological* element which Dr. Thomas so much desires; while yet he does abound in the subjective and hortative hymns, which are the key-notes of the soul in its efforts to raise a dormant and languid devotion. How could Dr. Thomas omit such a song of praise as the following?—

Sing to the Lord that built the skies,  
The Lord, that rear'd this stately frame;  
Let all the nations sound His praise,  
And lands unknown repeat His name.

He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,  
Made every drop, and every dust;  
Nature and time, with all their wheels,  
And push'd them into motion first.

Now from His high imperial throne  
He looked far down upon the spheres;  
He bids the shining orbs roll on,  
And round He turns the hasty years.

Which though we con as ages roll,  
Will yet lie unexplored;  
May we with loyal hearts ring forth,  
And be Thy Name adored,  
That Thou hast yet more light and truth  
To break forth from Thy Word.

Has Dr. Thomas ever seen the words of Professor B. B. Edwards, referring to this rude manipulation of the holy, elevated words of the church's poets? They are so eloquent beyond our power of expression, that we shall avail ourselves of them. He speaks of hymns as the product of earthly genius and heavenly inspiration, which had their origin almost in heaven. He says:—\*

"These compositions should remain unchanged, so that the ancient recollections connected with them may be preserved. It is well known, that such associations are often a principal cause of the extraordinary effects which are produced by popular music. The poetry and the music may be indifferent, but the composition was used in some great crisis of the country, in some new turn of human affairs; and tradition, and popular sympathy, and recollection impart to it astonishing power.

"In like manner, some pieces of sacred music, some standard hymns, excellent as they may be in themselves, are greatly indebted to the reminiscences that have been clustering around them for ages. They were sung in the fastnesses of the mountains, when it was unsafe to utter the louder notes; or in some almost fathomless glen, where the eucharistic wine might be mingled with the blood of the communicant. Some of them aroused the fainting spirit of the reformer, when the fate of Protestantism was depending on the turn which a half-enlightened human will might take, in the caprice of a moment. Others were sung on a wintry sea by pilgrim voices. Some are hallowed by missionary reminiscences, or by all the sad, yet joyful images of the chamber of death. A thousand times have they quivered on lips, which in a moment were motionless forever. A thousand times have they been wept rather than sung, while the grave was un-veiling her faithful bosom; while a mother's precious remains were descending to their last resting-place, or while they came as life from the dead to the solitary mourner, whose entire household were beneath the clods of the valley. Everywhere, in innumerable burying-places, fragments of them are engraven with rude devices, teaching the rustic moralist how to die, or pointing him to the sure and certain hope.

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\* We have not the works of Professor B. B. Edwards within reach to verify the quotation; but extract from a truly admirable, and most judicious volume:—*Hymns and Choirs; or, the Matter and the Manner of the Service of Song in the House of the Lord.* By Austin Phelps, and Edwards A. Park, and Daniel L. Furber. Andover.

They are embalmed in the most sacred affections of the heart. They often come like unseen ministers of grace to the soul. We would not lose a line, or suffer the alteration of a word. The *slightest* change breaks the link. It is sacrilege to touch them. They connect us with the holy dead on the other side of the ocean; they bring up the hallowed memories of Watts, and Wesley, and Cowper; they make us at home in the venerable churchyards where our forefathers' dust is garnered. We are *fellow-citizens* with the great commonwealth of the happy dead in both hemispheres. We feel new chords of relationship to the saints in glory."

This quotation brings us to our most serious charge against this compilation. We have often been made angry by the rude massacre and mutilation of many of our most favourite hymns; but we scarcely know that ever before our wrath has been so kindled. In his preface, Dr. Thomas says, "the editor has in a few cases made slight alterations." Again, "we have, as will be seen, availed ourselves of this license of alteration." He has assuredly done so, so that sometimes we have exclaimed, what does the man mean by it? We must maintain that reverence to a departed writer, should preside over all perusals of his works; we believe that the rights of genius here are as sacred as in any other department in art. Indignantly exclaimed one, to whom we were speaking of Dr. Thomas's sins, "He has no more right to do it than the modern pre-Raphaelite has to take a painting of one of the ancient masters, and mess it about that it may be conformed to his theory!" Dr. Thomas's smallest sin in this particular, is that of constantly altering a word in the first line, and turning that which was soliloquy and meditation into his favourite method of praise. Thus, we have his version of "When I can read my title clear." He has imbedded this hymn among the excluded ones in Sacred poetry; but we have it in the *Augustine Hymn-book*, as what we shall freely call Watts-and-water:—

Grant me, O God, a title clear  
To mansions in the skies;  
Help me to banish every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Then, should my foes their powers engage,  
And fiery darts be hurl'd,  
I'll bravely smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

Some of the alterations seem to have been made, merely because a hymn was not to be allowed to pass before the eyes of the



does not impair the great respect I entertain for Watts, as a writer whose true poetic feeling can no more be questioned than his true Christian piety.

We must think that if the charge of a want of critical acumen, preferred against the popularity of this hymn be true, not less true is it that Dr. Kennedy shows a want of true emotion. There is a mingling of imagery in the verses. The writer conceives himself on Pisgah, looking into the distant, promised land, from which the separating Jordan has no power to detain him; in the sublime obscurity which has not been thought in all themes to be the mark of defective genius, or expression, Pisgah changes to the lofty headlands of experience, overlooking the rivers of death, and the *heavenly* Canaan. Mists rise over the river; doubts, like mists, over the mind:—

O! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise.

The expression is neither wanting in the truth or grace of fact, and the conclusion only is that, as the rivers of Jordan should not repress the earnestness of the spirit in the entrance into the Promised Land, so neither should the river of death repress the spiritual instinct which yearns for the better country. We have expressed ourselves freely with reference, both to the theory and to the execution of the Augustine Hymn-book. With reference to the theory, it is to be remembered that Augustine scarcely beheld that perfection of Christian symbolism which subsequent ages have developed, nor must we forget that our system of congregational singing is closely related to the evangelical idea of the congregation, and as we do not adopt the liturgical form, as we have not the confession and absolution, the *Te Deum*, the creed, the liturgy, and the variety of collects, we can only perfect our service as we introduce all these, not vicariously, as the expression of the priest, but as the evangelical utterance of the whole congregation. The whole Church of England recites its creed; is that not an act of praise? Is it less praise because expressed with the humility of belief? How shall we put the Litany beneath the denomination of praise? Are words, then, which resemble it, to be excluded from Christian congregations? Moreover, should not song, public devotional song, exist for the purpose of uniting the different members of the congregation together in sympathy? Some of Dr. Thomas's introductions are most arbitrary. By what rule, which does not apply to a number of hymns, he would exclude, does he introduce,—“Give me the wings of faith to rise?” Devout reverie,

sustained, and holy rhapsody may be the highest effort of praise; on the contrary, prayer is not praise. Are we not to use, then, hymns which are words of prayer? Further, public devotion should be used for the purpose of uniting all the scattered members of the Church on earth, with the Church of all ages, and the Church triumphant. Again, many of the topics Dr. Thomas introduces, seem to us needless, and not very fitting for public worship—the chant of William John Fox, introduced here, “Now pray we for our country,” and such pieces; songs about civil freedom, are not needed in a Church Psalter; the best way of proclaiming the rights of man in a church, is by the setting forth and singing the praises of the Man of Sorrows: hearty adoration before the atonement is the Divine means of proclaiming the spiritual equality and birth-right of souls. As to the alterations, Dr. Thomas has made, we have expressed ourselves sufficiently; and if we have expressed ourselves strongly, it is because we have grieved so often at the violations perpetrated upon the sacred remains of our great hymn writers. We do not admit the right claimed of really altering hymns, verses may be omitted, but the utter mutilation to which some have attained, both in the book before us, and others, seems to us as graceful and grateful as the hacking off a limb from some piece of illustrious sculpture, and appropriating in its place some inglorious plaster of Paris execution of our own. Sometimes, the audacity which does this is amazing. We strolled into Glasgow Cathedral the other day, in time to be regaled at the close of the service with one of the ornithorychine paraphrases; the hymn given out was, “Behold the glories of the Lamb,” in the course of which, some of our readers may, perhaps, remember, that this hymn, and “Come, let us join our cheerful songs,” dodge each other from verse to verse, and make up the hymn. We once more say, there seems to us no morality or piety in thus mutilating the best words of good men. In one or two instances an improvement has been effected, but neither Montgomery, Conder, nor Toplady succeeded, and where even poets have failed, it is not wonderful if inferior pens only provoke pity as they rudely desecrate words, the piety of which seemed seraphic, and the pathos all that a human heart could require. In closing, we must yet put in one word against the reckless handling of the *Book of Psalms* by Dr. Thomas in his preface.

Thus shall this moving engine last,  
Till His saints are gather'd in ;  
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,  
To shake it all to dust again !

Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,  
And lightning burn the globe below,  
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,  
There's a new heaven and earth for you.

No Sacred Hymns equal Watts's in grandeur. He is the Ambrose of Protestantism. Very frequently, the reader will look in vain for an old favourite. Thus Baxter, "Lord, it be-  
"longs not to my care," is altered to "Lord, *it is not for us to*  
"care," and by the alteration, Dr. Thomas just misses the euphony. In one of the subsequent verses, he misses the euphony, and something else, the sweet quaintness so natural to the expression of the dear old patriarch himself:—

## BAXTER.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before ;  
He that into God's kingdom comes,  
Must enter by His door.

## DR. THOMAS.

Christ leads us through no darker *ways*  
Than He went through before ;  
*Whoever* for God's kingdom *prays*,  
Must enter by this door.

We wonder at the irreverence which can do such things, for irreverent it is, and betrays that desecrating touch which has completely missed the emotion the words of holy men should naturally excite and inspire. Moreover, it is a cause which is only confirmed to us by the overflowing illustrations of the emendations attempted in this volume, that where the mind is inflamed by true emotion, the words are best expressed in the spirit in which the whole hymn was conceived, even the alteration of a single word, very frequently flaws the beauty of the whole hymn, and few are the hymns here in which some word is not altered. Thus, our favourite, that universal chant, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," is altered.

All hail the power of Thy great Name !  
Let angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Thee Lord of all.

And the form of that ascription which ought to have been spared in deference to the memory of the millions perpetually chanting it, is altered from "And Crown *Him* Lord of all" to "And Crown *Thee* Lord of all." Sometimes, Dr. Thomas introduces a verse, and claps it beneath the paternity of the original hymn, without a word of explanation. Thus, into that



wonderful family of verses commencing "Our God, our help in ages past"—to our poor thought, a matchless hymn, the following *step-child* is introduced. It appears, of course, as Watts's. Watts had nothing to do with the manufacture of it any way, and loving him dearly as we do, we confess that he wrote quite bad verses enough of his own, without being called to bear the burden of those of other people.

So teach us to compute our days,  
And so our hearts apply,  
That safely we, through wisdom's ways,  
May reach eternity.

Alterations we believe, have seldom been improvements. In some instances we admit, but very rarely. Dr. Thomas refers with evident approbation to the "*Hymnologia Christiania*" of Dr. Kennedy of Shrewsbury, and, therefore, we may the rather refer to the same volume. It has amused us, we confess, to find Kennedy excluding, "When I can read my title clear," because gravely wrong in doctrine; and "There is a land of pure delight," because seriously faulty in style; Dr. Kennedy thinks the following verses are so poorly and incorrectly worded, that they effectually spoil the whole hymn. Dr. Kennedy says:—

The two stanzas in question are these:

O! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unbeckoned eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor Death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

Here, besides the ungainliness of the words, "Make our doubts remove," "view the landscape o'er," besides the poorness of the second line, too evidently framed for rhyme alone, the idea of climbing, metaphorically, *where* Moses stood, is strange, and even absurd. But the worst confusion of thought is in the two last lines. For, although, in the second stanza of the hymn, it was said—"Death, like a narrow sea, divides that heavenly land from ours," yet the poet should have remembered that, when Canaan was introduced as the representative of heaven, the Jordan necessarily became the representative of death, and thus the words "not Jordan's stream, nor Death's cold," are reduced to the glaring tautology—"not death nor death." The admission of so faulty a poem into hymn-books innumerable, shows how little critical acumen has been often applied to the selection of words proper to be used on the most solemn of all occasions. My opinion of this particular hymn



“ ‘we may not be mutually reconciled, and would to God that  
“ ‘we were all one fold.’ ” It is evident enough that Dr.  
Pusey winces beneath the ungenerousness of his old friend.  
“ I certainly thought Dr. Manning’s letter dry, hard, unsym-  
“ pathizing.” Respectfully, he says, “ fourteen years have  
“ strangely dulled the memory of that faith which Dr. Man-  
“ ning had before he entered the Roman Church.” We re-  
marked ourselves, sometime since, how, during that period,  
all the ancient sweetness had turned into bitterness and gall.  
But, taking Dr. Pusey’s appeal upon its own ground, marking  
with him the resemblance between the Anglican and Papal  
churches, how is union possible? From our point of view,  
we should say, why is it desirable? But we leave this ques-  
tion. We leave also the question of the unity of the Romish  
Church within itself. There are plenty of indications on the  
Continent of impending strife between what may be called,  
for the sake of distinguishing, though it does not describe it,  
a Gallican, we had rather say—a Teutonic party,—and the  
Ultramontanes. But, suppose the impossibility overcome, sup-  
pose the Anglican Church and the Papal united, will Christen-  
dom, in that case, be one whit nearer to union? What of  
all the variations of the Continental Protestant Church? What  
of the Greek Church? Christendom in America, in the  
great United States? What of that great network of churches  
of all shades, from the most flagrant heresy to the most sturdy  
and refining orthodoxy? Oh, dear, Dr. Pusey! what a mere  
dream your kind of “ Eirenicon ” is! And, we reiterate again,  
as undesirable, as impossible, and unpalpable. If Dr. Pusey  
should reply to this, “ I thought of the Anglican Church, and  
my hope is of a union between these two, the Anglican and  
the Papal.” We must then remind him of the immense  
kingdoms and continents of Christendom outside, peopled by  
those who hold Christ as the Head, believe in Him as God’s  
revelation of His method in the universe, accept Him as the  
sacrifice for sin, celebrate His ordinances as the signs and seals  
of His power in the Church, and bow before the book which  
gives us all this information, as mysterious, awful, but final,  
and complete, for the guidance of the Divine life.

What is to become of us all, Dr. Pusey? You see, even at  
the best, you must have a pair of globes, your method only  
deals with two sections of the Church, and two forms of opinion;  
out of all which grows to us an infinite sense of comfortable-  
ness; these impossibilities and irreconcilable and inconformable  
differences no more disturb our impressions, than does good  
John Keble’s malediction against using his hymns because we

are not of his fold; a very good man, we say, but pitifully narrow, feeling what he feels very sweetly, and deeply, and dearly. We are quite at unity with him, quite certain that five minutes in heaven will unite all the difference; meantime, we do not regard the Church as a monastic wardrobe of black friars or white friars, where all must wear the same coloured cowl and cord, or where all the dresses have been made after one pattern, for people who must not be more than five feet four in height, and who, daring to grow, must be cut adrift. One forest or plantation is not one tree, nor are all the trees of one order or height. Dr. Pusey might as well desire all the gold in the world to be melted down in one mountain nugget, or, as some critic has said, desire some efficacious means of grace to absorb all diamonds into one vast mountain of light, one immense Ko-hi-noor. No, church life is like human life, it is real, and it is embodied, it is spiritual, it is palpable; but not by being all folded up into some one monstrous form, striding like a colossus from hemisphere to hemisphere—it is visible in churches and individuals, just as human life is visible: and it is organic in society, just as society is organic; as we behold a consensaneous spirit in millions of individuals developing itself in one consentaneous action or nation.

Therefore Dr. Pusey's arguments and statements do not disturb us at all; were it otherwise they would. We have said he argues the unity of the Church of Rome and the Church of England against Dr. Manning's immense statement, of the correctness of which we leave other persons to judge, "that the Church of England is the cause of infidelity in England." We should only ask his eminence what was the cause, then, of the infidelity in England and Europe long before the Reformation? and what is the cause of the plentiful infidelity in every Papal state now?

We are willing, however, to let Dr. Pusey have his own way in the argument. He believes, and perhaps the greater number of his fellow-clergymen believe with him, in the real objective presence of Christ in the Eucharist. "This is my body." We the rather incline to believe with Dr. Manning that the Church of England does recognise an *undefined* presence of Christ in the Sacrament. But even this made out, and all that Dr. Pusey desires, established with reference to this one doctrine, and even with reference to the limitation of Papal infallibility, Dr. Pusey has, in this volume, piled and accumulated such a mass of horrible heresy and enormity of misbelief with reference to the Mariolatry of the Papal Church, that we trust the possibility of threading the way across any narrow isthmus of

## VI.

## DOCTOR PUSEY'S EIRENICON.\*

OUR great and respectful difference of sentiment, and conviction, and church life, with Dr. Pusey, always exists in perfect good keeping with affectionate regard to him. His scholarship in his own departments of Hebrew and patristic learning, is, no doubt, of the largest. His life, while it has been a warfare, has been a nobly consistent one; and over his various works there is diffused a spirit of piety and faith, from which men of all shades of belief may rouse their dormant powers, if such be their desire: hence, then, we certainly, in taking up the present volume, felt no personal antipathy to the writer; yet, knowing what its subject was, we assuredly expected that its impression upon our minds would be exactly what it is. The former and the latter parts of the volume, as they come together in our mind, exordium and peroration, even amuse us. We say this with the respect, we always feel for such a man as Dr. Pusey. He, whose purpose is not amusement, whose objects are holy, elevated, even infinitely sacred, has this right to be met by his readers in his own elevated spirit; but to listen to Dr. Pusey's starting note, that there is *not much difference between the Church of England and Rome*, to find this urged as the possible commencement of an Eirenicon, and then to find ourselves at last listening to the closing tones; why, really the volume reads, as we thus advance towards the conclusion, like a *casus belli*. First, however, we shall express to Dr. Pusey, as far as our poor word may go, an affectionate sense of reciprocation for the language he has, in this volume, chosen to indulge with reference to Dissenters. We are right heartily glad to think that he knows us perhaps a little better than he knew us once. The dream he indulges could only take shape before a generous mind; it is a magnificent dream. We shall presently show why we think it only a dream, why we regard Dr. Pusey's conception of the possible unity of Christen-

\* *The Church of England a Portion of Christ's One Holy Catholic Church, and a Means of Restoring Visible Unity: an Eirenicon, in a Letter to the Author of "The Christian Year."* By E. B. Pusey, D.D.—J. H. and J. Parker, Oxford.



dom in much the same way as we regard those magnificent dreams of universal monarchy, which have given agitation and impulse to some three or four of the world's mightiest princes. His language with reference to Dissenters is very chary, and cautious; and very singularly he contrives his acknowledgment of their faith and piety, so that the Church of England receives the merit of it. "One cannot but think," he says, "that the degree of faith surviving among them here, is very much owing, under the mercy of God, to the English Church, which enfolds them all around, even while they are hostile to it." We may, therefore, hope, that some measure of change has passed over the mind of Dr. Pusey. We are so accustomed to hear only malignant things from the extreme sacerdotal and Tractarian party of the Church of England. We have been so accustomed to regard ourselves as without the pale of Christ's Church, so regarded ourselves as given over to the uncovenanted mercies of God; John Keble, to whom this *Eirenicon* is addressed, as a letter "To my dearest friend," has distinctly implied as much in his life of Hooker, and has in his introduction to *the Psalmist*, expressed a hope that no words of his would ever be sung in any Dissenting community, a hope which we have done, and intend doing our very best to render futile, for we love what we know of John Keble, and we especially love many of his hymns, and feel, that in this, we have the best *Eirenicon*,—a spiritual unity, where all hope of organic or objective would utterly fail. Dr. Pusey's work results from some of his old friend Manning's audacities and malevolent intolerances. We disposed of that gentleman a month or two since. "High as the heavens are above the earth, and far as the east is from the west," is the spirit of Dr. Pusey from the spirit of that harsh, and rueful, malignant, and ambitious hierarch. The very thought of the man is like a dose of quassia or asafœtida to us. We must not, therefore, dwell upon his words, which have given shape to the thoughts of this book, only to say that, of course, Papists, like Manning, are a kind of wolf, who raven and scatter the flock; his object would be to show the utter unlikeness and alienation of the Roman and English churches. Pusey's more amiable mind leads, we believe, exactly to as great a mistake in the opposite direction, even to show the substantial unity of the two churches; he, therefore, appeals from Manning, and the new Catholics, to the old. He starts from the thought, "there is not much difference between us!" "The learned Rev. J. Berington said to me, in my early youth, 'There is not much difference between us.'" "We are not in most things," says Du Pin to Archbishop Wake, 'so far removed from one another, that



union between the two, will be regarded as merely and ridiculously chimerical ; and this department of Dr. Pusey's book, we are wicked enough to say, is that which has most impressed us in it. We stand apart on our watch-tower ; the Church of England, with its every variety of opinion, cannot greatly interest us further, than, as at the present day, it illustrates the principles which animated our Nonconformist fathers, centuries since, which ought to compel all such men as Pusey out of it, and must really make every minister in it, to whom it presents more than the greed of profession, uncomfortable. Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*, therefore, does not concern us much ; but we commenced our remarks by expressing some sense of amusement, and we have been amused. He starts by saying, of these two churches, "there is not much difference between us !" and he presents such a development of Mariolatry—such a fearful and unhallowed development of Virgin worship in these days—as we trust there is yet Protestantism enough in our midst to make not only English Protestant minds, but even a large number of Catholic minds, recoil from with horror. Let it be distinctly remembered, that Dr. Pusey only quotes these illustrations of modern Catholic opinion for the purpose of grieving over them, and describing them as an abnormal monstrosity, even in the Romish Church ; but let it be remembered also, that these monstrous forms of opinion have received the very highest sanction which it is possible Papal opinion can receive ; they have been endorsed by bishops, cardinals, and a council ; fulminations have been hurled on those whose faith has wavered before such flights of theological fancy ; they do not appear to be endorsed by any written opinion of the calmer mind of John Henry Newman ; he has even dared to express in his *Apologia*, some mild protest against such extravagancies, yet they are, for the most part, no doubt, the opinions of English Catholics. Manning has received them into his peculiar *cultus*, and the popular writings of the emotional Frederick Faber abound with expressions favouring such an extremity of the heresy of Mariolatry. And what are the forms of opinion ? We are truly astounded ; our religious feelings reel with the shock they receive. Let it be remembered that this modern development of Mariolatry is quite consecutive ; it consistently grows up, as Dr. Pusey says, to a system in which "the Blessed Virgin" is made and held to be parallel throughout with her Divine Son, so that every prerogative which belonged to Him by nature and office, should be imputed to her, as it has been remarked in an article of great length and force in the *Times* newspaper.

"There seems to be a rivalry of hardihood among these writers; each appears to try to outdo those who have written before him in the daring ingenuity with which he claims for the Virgin a more divine title, and in the nearness of his approach to the fine line which divides the highest devotion from acknowledged blasphemy. The only way of describing generally what it all results in, is by saying that what the general sense of Christians has considered for centuries to be the special and incommunicable prerogatives of the Saviour of Mankind are now, one after another, with emulous eagerness, claimed, sometimes even with something that marks superiority, for His Mother."

We purpose citing a few passages giving, from Romish writers, the foundation for this fearful state of thought and feeling. And first, Frederick Faber tells us why the world is not converted:—

"What is the remedy that is wanted? what is the remedy indicated by God Himself? If we may rely on the disclosures of the saints, it is an immense increase of devotion to our Blessed Lady, but remember, nothing short of an *immense* one. Here, in England, Mary is not half enough preached. Devotion to her is low and thin and poor. It is frightened out of its wits by the sneers of heresy. It is always invoking human respect and carnal prudence, wishing to make Mary so little of a Mary, that Protestants may feel at ease about her. Its ignorance of theology makes it unsubstantial and unworthy. It is not the prominent characteristic of our religion which it ought to be. It has no faith in itself. Hence it is, that *Jesus is not loved*, that heretics are not converted, that the Church is not exalted; that souls, which might be saints, wither and dwindle; that the sacraments are not rightly frequented, or souls enthusiastically evangelized. Jesus is obscured, because Mary is kept in the background. *Thousands of souls perish, because Mary is withheld from them*. It is the miserable unworthy shadow which we call our devotion to the Blessed Virgin, that is the *cause of* all these wants and blights, these evils and omissions and declines. Yet, if we are to believe the revelations of the saints, God is *pressing* for a greater, a wider, a stronger, *quite another* devotion to His Blessed Mother."

Again, we find that the modern Marian writers are not contented with regarding the Virgin as the instrument of our salvation—she obtained it for us, though the quotation, let it be remarked, is from an old writer, Salazar:—

"She, then, is to be said to have given of her own; and of Mary it may said, '*So*' Mary, '*loved the world, that she gave her only begotten Son.*' *The Virgin not only, concordant with the Father, gave her Son to the world, but also, in conformity with her Son, with priestly*

*piety offered Him up as a Sacrifice for the world.* We owe then to the Virgin Mother of God, not only that she bare Christ to the world, but also that she truly gave to the world, and voluntarily offered Him for the salvation of the world, as something which was her own." "After the manner of a Priest, acting in a manner together with her Son the Priest, she offered to the Eternal Father the Sacrifice of redemption. Christ the Lord was offered once upon the cross; but in her heart a thousand times, i.e., so often as she voluntarily assigned Him to death. The life, the Passion of Jesus Christ, and His Death itself, were the price of our redemption, so far as they were voluntarily undertaken by Christ; but the will of the Virgin, whereby she offered her Son, related to that same life and Passion. Wherefore it was meet, that, as that life and Passion, as being voluntary in the Son, merited the salvation of all, 'of condignity;' so the same life and Passion, as being voluntary in the Mother, should merit that same salvation, 'of congruity.' To speak more plainly, it is equitable, that, as the Son voluntarily enduring death satisfied for all, so the Virgin, voluntarily offering her Son to that same death, obtained the salvation of all. *That act, whereby the Virgin both gave her Son to us and offered Him for us to the Father, was most surpassing and especially meritorious, and so, worthy to be computed together with the Passion of Christ.*"

Thus we find that it is the creed of the Church that Mary gave her Son to die for us, helped Him to undergo death. And the same writer continues:—

"In another way, she may be called co-operatress and helper of Christ, viz., that as *many other things* made death not a little difficult and arduous to Christ, moved whereby He burst out into those words, 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me,' nothing could more load His mind and make death more difficult to Him, than that it should be displeasing to His most loving Mother. Who sees not this?

\* \* \* \* \*

"Therefore, since the Virgin Mary much strengthened her Son to endure death, and lightened to Him death itself, exhibiting her will in that respect conformable to the Divine will, therefore she ought rightly to be called His helper."

More monstrous still, if more monstrous can be, we have not only the transubstantiation of the body and blood of Christ in the Eucharist. We have Mary's too. Dr. Pusey quotes Oswald, a great Romish writer, in his *Mariologie*, as saying:—

"We maintain a (co)-presence of Mary in the Eucharist. This is a necessary inference from our Mariän theory, and we shrink back from no consequence." "We are much inclined," he says afterwards, "to believe an essential co-presence of Mary in her whole person, with body and soul, under the sacred species."



Upon the same point, in a note, we read the following horrible nonsense :—

Salazar mentions a meditation of S. Ignatius, which he thought to have been given him by God, but which rested on human reasoning on physics ; viz., that, on Aristotle's maxim, that "the son is a great part of his father and mother," "*in the Eucharist he received the flesh and blood, not only of Christ, but also a great, yea, chief, part of Mary.*" For if the flesh and blood of the son and of the mother be one, he who receiveth the flesh and blood of the son, must needs also receive the flesh of the mother. *And if the son is a part of his parents, whose eateth the son, eateth also a part of his mother.* Hence, he said, that all they who are worthily refreshed with the Body and Blood of Christ, become one flesh not only with the Lord Christ, but pass into one flesh with the Virgin." Salazar in Prov. ix. 4, 5, n. 144, 145.

Shall we say, higher yet ! Dr. Pusey shows how Mary is our mediatrix—blasphemy on blasphemy ! He says, and we the rather quote his words here, as showing the evangelical structure of his own personal faith :—

*This question of reliance upon the Blessed Virgin as the being in whose hands our salvation is virtually to be placed, is quite distinct from that other question of the nature of the worship paid to her. The one is a practical question, affecting our whole eternity, "What shall I do to be saved ?" The practical answer to the Roman Catholic seems to me to be, "Go to Mary, and you will be saved ;" in our dear Lord's own words, it is, "Come unto Me ;" in our own belief it is, "Go to Jesus, and you will be saved."*

What will our readers think when the great masters of Papal theology, declare that "*Mary is the centre of creation.*" "*Mary,*" says Salazar :—

"Is that ring in the chain of creatures, wherein, seizing, the Son of God drew up the universe again to the Godhead. Therefore, Mary is not only the middle point of mankind, but the centre of the whole universe." Again, an expression, whose whole force is derived from applying to the B. V. what belongs to our Lord Alone, "*in Whom God gathered together in one all things, both which are in heaven and which are on earth.*"

She is the "*complement of the Trinity.*" We must quote the following piece of horrible nonsense. A writer quoted by Dr. Pusey, contrasts Mary with Noah's ark :—

"It was an ark of living things, she of life ; it, of perishable animals, she, of imperishable Life ; it bare Noah, she bare the Maker of Noah ; it had two or three stories, she the whole fulness of the Trinity ;



inasmuch as the Spirit too came upon her, and the Father overshadowed her, and the Son dwelt in her, borne in the womb."

And again, Pusey, referring to Salazar, writes:—

Whereas the writer (whoever he was) spoke of the whole Holy Trinity as concerned in the Incarnation, a celebrated Jesuit preacher, first-court preacher of Philip III., attributed the saying, as altered into "*Mary is the Complement of the whole Trinity*," to the celebrated Hesychius of Jerusalem. He explained it to mean that she "added the last complement to the Holy Trinity, in that, through the Incarnation of our Lord in her, the Virgin Mother of God filled up the capacity which the Trinity had of a natural paternity, and a natural filiation, and a bond of both in time, in addition to the eternal relations of natural Paternity and natural Filiation, and the Indissoluble Bond of both." Other solutions were: (1) That the attributes and perfections of the Trinity shone forth most in her, and showed forth their virtue and efficacy most in her. (Salazar rejects this, because Hesychius is said to have affirmed, that the Virgin was "the complement, not of the attributes of God, but of the very Trinity itself.") (2) "That the Father imparts His infinite Essence to the Son, and the Son, with the Father, communicates the same to the Holy Ghost; but that there is no fourth person to whom the Holy Ghost can pour Himself forth without measure. Mary then gave a complement to the Trinity, in that the Holy Ghost could lighten that infinite desire of communicating Himself by the wonderful affluence of His gifts to Mary." Salazar in Prov. viii. 23, n. 300—306.

The whole argument of Oswald is, that to go to Jesus, we must go to Mary; nay, it is really an argument that in Mary dwells all the fulness of Jesus and of God. "Adoration to the Blessed Virgin is the same as to God." "Jesus is altogether in Mary, and Mary is altogether in Jesus." A minute parallel of the offices of Mary with those of Jesus is carried out through a succession of instances we cannot follow, nor shall we linger longer on the matter. It is clear that the declaration of the immaculate conception of "the Blessed Virgin" as revealed truth, is full of consequences entailing the transmutation of other pious opinions about her, into truths essential to salvation. It avails, then, very little to say, that there are bishops in the Church of Rome who protested against the immaculate conception being made an article of faith. It is an article of faith; the stream of opinion from ancient times has set in this way. To us, it is intolerably disgusting—these churchmen, this impure conclave of "filthy dreamers" over the body of her, whom we in our deepest hearts do reverence as the mother of our Lord, although, not less than ourselves, a sinner saved by the infinite grace of her Son. Apart from its human indecency and

indelicacy, the obtrusion and chaffering of impure and curious opinions, where the dictating spirit has been so sublimely reticent: "the Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, the power of the highest shall overshadow thee, therefore, also, that holy thing which shall be borne of thee, shall be called the Son of God." "Most highly favoured among women;" eminently pure, no doubt, perhaps above all the daughters and mothers of our race. This is all we know, it is enough for our faith, and enough for all human reverence for the mother, and awful, and infinite reverence for the child. But with such a development as this, to hear our Doctor in his *Eirenicon* exclaiming, "there is not much difference between us," and to dream that over this utterly impossible and blasphemous dogma, either we could pass to Rome, or Rome could pass to us; why, it is absurd! This dogma inverts the old Christian system; the Virgin mother is no longer the beautiful ideal that an almost pardonable chivalry conceived her as being. *She is our Saviour.* Jesus is malignant, and the Almighty has no mercy. She is the only certain object of worship. We forbear all other remark. This dogma spreads through the Church of Rome, and peace and unity with a church holding such a dogma, would be as possible as peace and unity with a church of which Prakrita or Kali was queen.

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## VII.

## OUR BOOK CLUB.

AMONG those books with which we expect our tables to be relieved on the return of the Christmas and New Year's seasons, those published by Mr. Bennett have for some years, we understand, occupied distinguished places from their faithful photographic individuality. We must confess that the contributions for this year are the first we have seen; promising, therefore, as the subjects of some past years look, we are unable to compare them with those before our eye at present. We give the foremost place to *Flemish Relics; Architectural, Legendary, and Pictorial, as connected with Public Buildings in Belgium, gathered by Frederick G. Stephens, author of Normandy, a Sketch, &c., &c. Illustrated with Photographs by Camdale and Fleming* (Alfred W. Bennett.)—In every sense this is a truly beautiful and dainty book. We have nearly two hundred pages of really delightfully entertaining letterpress, and Mr. Stephens revels in anecdote and description; so far as we have read, the style of the description is exciting and interesting, without condescending to any false or meretricious sentiment; certainly, the reader will not find these pages among the least attractive features of this volume; the ground over which he travels is an enviable one for a painter, poet, or antiquary; it is haunted by all associations. Some things, however, seem to us extraordinary, as when he talks of the "vulgarity and earthiness of Murillo;" such criticisms are not less than astounding. There are evidences enough in the book that Mr. Stephens is a man of refined taste, but if he should step into the Dulwich Gallery, will he say that the "Spanish Peasant Girl," or the picture opposite to it, the "Spanish Beggar Boys," are "vulgar or earthy?" And if he steps into the Louvre, will that wonderful "Annunciation" strike him as "vulgar and earthy?" We confess to a feeling that the modern censorship of Murillo is not, to our thought, founded in a very high taste. The pictures we have mentioned come most readily to our memory, but whenever we find Murillo, we should expect refinement; not indeed severity, and hearty sympathy, far removed from vulgarity. Nor do we like such an expression as the "stark-naked prose of writers like Bunyan." Bunyan's Saxon simplicity is too venerable to be dealt with in this style. We have dwelt on the letterpress too long,



and we only intended to commend it. The photographs will be delightful recollections to all who have trodden before the buildings, beneath the arches, through the naves and cloisters they commemorate. The Court of the Bishop's Palace, at Liege, the two interiors of the Cathedral of Antwerp, are very striking; old houses of these stirring cities; hotels-de-ville, with all their curious pomp of intricate ornament; old belfries and church towers come out with such distinctive beauty, that we may be sure this charming volume will furnish themes for conversation to many, who from it will delightedly renew bygone impressions.

ANOTHER gorgeous book of the same order, is a photographically illustrated edition of *Marmion; A Tale of Flodden Field*. Sir W. Scott, Bart. (A. W. Bennett.)—All that we can say of this volume is, that its richness will well sustain its publisher's reputation. The photographs are of those grand immemorial old buildings, whose names give strongly lined bookmarks to the magnificent poem. In binding, photographs, letterpress, and illuminations, it furnishes a splendid present for the season.

SIMILAR to those in *Marmion*, are the photographic illustrations of *Yorkshire; its Abbeys and Castles*. (A. W. Bennett.) *The Border; its Abbeys and Castles*. (A. W. Bennett.)—The letterpress extracted from *The Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain*. By William Howitt. They seem to be representatives of a series. The descriptions need no commendation, for this kind of writing is Mr. Howitt's especial forte, and the photographs themselves are striking realizations of the scenes they are intended to convey to the mind.

OF *Photographic Portraits of Men of Eminence in Literature, Science, and Art, with Biographical Memoirs*. (A. W. Bennett.)—We have received No. 29. It seems to be a very admirable gallery, both as to the persons selected, the finish of the portrait, and the comprehensiveness of the memoir.

A BEAUTIFUL book is *Palestine for the Young*. By the Rev. Andrew A. Bonar. (Religious Tract Society.)—It teems with perfectly beautiful woodcuts; no one should be without a book on Palestine, it is an indispensable and essential condition of all libraries. Students of the Bible will perhaps desire two or three guides through the Holy Land. This book, while its whole getting up, both in its outward architecture, and its inside furniture, is very tasteful, gives its



information so concisely, relates it so immediately to Scripture, that the young will find it, we think, entertaining as well as truly helpful; and ministers and Sunday-school teachers, who cannot undertake a more elaborate journey through the Holy Land, will find here all they are likely to want.

WE are glad to see *The Lives of Early Methodist Preachers*, chiefly written by themselves. Edited, with an Introductory Essay, by Thomas Jackson. Third Edition, with Additional Lives. In six volumes. Vol. I. (Wesleyan Conference Office.)—The lives of the early Methodist preachers are many of them among the most entertaining pieces of writing in our language. Some of them, like that of the first life in this volume, for instance, John Nelson, are pieces of stirring adventure; many of the incidents read almost like miracles. These lives have long been favourites with us, we are glad to give them our hearty good word, and wish for them a large circulation among Christians of all denominations. We hope to notice the volumes as they appear from time to time.

WE do not wonder that *Sermons and Expositions*. By the late John Robertson, D.D., Glasgow Cathedral. With a Memoir of the Author, by the Rev. J. G. Young, Morieth. (Strahan.)—have been given to the world. Dr. Robertson was a noble man—a comprehensive scholar—a truly able preacher, and interested in his whole feelings and character in the well-being of his parishioners; he was the minister for a few years of Glasgow Cathedral, there his ministry was highly appreciated, and indeed, comparatively early in life, his church had conferred upon him the chiefest honours it had to bestow; although he seems to have made his way to honour and estimation, from obscurity. Mr. Young's memoir is very interesting, and the pieces gathered into this volume, as memorial remains of Dr. Robertson, will not only be acceptable to those who knew him; they are characterized by strength of thought, and will be suggestive to all readers.

A STRIKING, taking title, is *Alypius of Tagaste; a Tale of the Early Church*. By Mrs. Webb. (Religious Tract Society.)—This book, full of engravings, is well fitted for a present to an intelligent youth this season. The story of the friend of Augustine, of Roman manners, vices, and amphitheatres, and Christian martyrs, told by Mrs. Webb, cannot be uninteresting; it belongs to an order of books we very much desire to see multiplied. Protestantism has no tale equal to

Wiseman's *Fabiola*, or Newman's *Calista*. We desire much to see some such stories characterized in the same way as they are characterized, by power, purity, and piety, to neutralize their bewitching influence. We dare not say Mrs. Webb has equalled our idea; but we are glad to receive the volume as a sweet and effective note on the other side.

WE have too long left unnoticed, *Meditations in Advent, on Creation, and on Providence*. By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. (Strahan.)—These meditations are, in fact, sermons originally preached in Canterbury Cathedral; they are thoughtful, of course, for they are Dean Alford's; they are even pithy, he implies that he has intended to make them so; they are thoroughly earnest; they often break out into that quiet beauty which, without effort of language or sentiment, contains imagination and tenderness. Our space does not permit us to say more, or to give illustrations from them. But they cannot be perused without suggesting to the reader the wealth, the worth, and the simplicity of their author's mind.

WE are glad to see so soon a new edition of *Memorials of the Rev. William Bull, of Newport-Pagnell, compiled chiefly from his own letters and those of his friends, Newton and Thomson, 1738-1814*. By his grandson, the Rev. Josiah Bull, M.A. Second Edition. (James Nisbet.)—This edition contains one or two additions. We expressed ourselves at such length upon the first edition, that we need to say nothing now, only to renew our belief that it is a standard piece of religious biography; interesting not only on account of its principal character, but for the sweet side-lights it sheds on the lives, especially of Cowper and Newton.

THE lovers of pulpit illustration will be glad to receive *Parable; or, Divine Poesy; Illustrations in Theology and Morals, Selected from Great Designs, and Systematically Arranged*. By R. A. Bertram. (F. Pitman).—Mr. Bertram derives his main title from Lord Bacon, who says "that theology consists of "sacred history, parable or divine poesy, and holy doctrine." He thinks with Thomas Fuller, that "reasons are the pillars of "the fabric of a sermon; similitudes are the windows which "give the best lights." Those who like such books will find this valuable. It has been published in parts; but this does not at all appear in the volume. It is a beautiful volume in its appearance, and the selections are made with catholic liberality

from many of the choicest fathers and modern teachers of the church. Perhaps we may say, without depreciating the value of the book, many might have been quoted from writers whose names do not appear; and, as in a botanical dictionary, we should expect an index, containing the names of the flowers, so the value of this work would have been greatly increased by an index of the images employed, and the connections and senses in which they stand. There are copious indexes of authors, subjects, and texts, but a botanical dictionary which should give an index of complaints and affections, touched by certain herbs or flowers, would be very insufficient if it did not give the name of the herb or flower also. This a volume of parable and poesy, and the parable should have received a more distinctive expression; but Mr. Bertram has wrought out his labour of love in such a manner that we are certain a thousand will thank him, for one grumbler, like ourselves, who asks for more.

DR. CUMMING'S term-time is approaching, he publishes, therefore, *Behold the Bridegroom Cometh. The Last Warning Cry, with Reasons for the Hope that is in Me.* By Rev. John Cumming, D.D. (James Nisbet.)—Dr. Cumming writes with very impressive earnestness, he introduces his volume with considerable modesty. He believes what he stated in 1847, that the last Apocalyptic and Historic Vial commenced its action in 1848. He now says, "How soon after 1867 the Redeemer will return and take the kingdom and reign over all the earth, I cannot say; but this I should say, we should *then*, if never before, have our lamps ready." We must confess this kind of writing, and Dr. Cumming's books especially, are not much in our way; but for this reason, therefore, our commendation of this volume may be received; it is informing and awakening. We have said, it is written in an earnest spirit, and we see very little to which we can take exception. Surely a minister never sins against common sense, when he quietly and faithfully says, at any time, "Be ye also ready!"

ANOTHER volume greets us from the pen of the same writer: *The Lives and Lessons of the Patriarchs, Unfolded and Illustrated.* By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D. (John F. Shaw.)—A truly handsome volume with large illustrations, many of them chromo-lithographs, and every page with its illuminated margin. That Dr. Cumming has a clear attractive style of writing, is very well known; that he never burdens his pages with oppressive thought, is rather to the advantage of such a book as this. It is a mother's book for a



parlour sermon on Sabbath afternoons or evenings, to her children or her servants. It will very frequently help to bring out the reality of the beautiful Scripture sermon, and make it perhaps, by its new language, more living and real. The words of the Scripture story are always best, but they have been read so often, they need a living finger to make them impressive.

WE have been greatly pleased with *An Exposition of the First Epistle of John*. By James Morgan, D.D., Belfast (T. and T. Clark.)—Dr. Morgan is a master of clear thinking and clear writing; there is an impressive, and very instructive conciseness in his way of dealing with every topic and text. We are sorry to dismiss so truly valuable a book with so brief a word, yet the method of Dr. Morgan seems to be a perfect model, both for the sermon and the exposition; and passing by a number of better known, and very stately names, we should have no objection to stake our own reputation on handing the volume to a young minister, and saying, "Study to preach like that."

WE wish we had more time and space to give to some account of *Faith and Victory: a Story of the Progress of Christianity in Bengal*. By the late Mrs. Mullens, of the London Mission, in Calcutta. (James Nisbet.)—This is one of the best, purest, and most perfect missionary stories ever written. We do not know where we should find its fellow; as a picture of Hindooism, it has no companion; its beloved, and lamented, and nobly enthusiastic authoress, went home to her rest before she finished this little volume; it was completed from posthumous notes. We trust it will have a very large circulation among the friends, especially of Hindoo missions.

THE reprints of our Puritan forefathers still hold on their way. We have *Vol. XI. of the Works of Thomas Goodwin*. (Edinburgh, James Nichol.)—The Commentaries give to us the *First General Epistle of St. John the Apostle, unfolded and applied by Nathaniel Hardy*; and *Commentaries of the Prophecy of Obadiah, and the Prophecy of Habakkuk, by Edward Marbury*. (James Nichol.)—We cannot express in terms sufficiently high our sense of the beauty in their appearance, the value and the rarity of this series of Commentators. Indeed, we could wish that the same style had been adopted for the Puritan divines. Mr. Nichol lays himself under a debt of obligation from all evangelical churches speaking the English language or prizing Puritan thought. Will he forgive us, however, for saying



what we have said before?—we look on many rare masters on our own shelves, and how heartily we wish that he would reprint the works of some men whose words would be even more popularly acceptable—more likely even to be extensively useful—who are almost either unknown or unpurchasable, which might be comprehended, complete, in one or two volumes, and which would, we believe, even largely increase the circle of his subscribers. Mr. Nichol, we do not know you personally, this is our only way of speaking to you—think of this!

A VERY good book is *The Christian Monitor; or, Selections from Pious Authors*. (S. W. Partridge.)—It is full of very pretty wood engravings and illuminations, with bold, striking, entertaining reading, consisting of anecdotes, verses, and pointed words from old authors, which will be likely to attract the attention, and fasten on the memory.

THIS is the season when the monthly periodicals present the renewal of their claims. Our interest is especially in those which naturally seek an entrance into Christian households. Amidst the multitude of new claimants let not old friends be forgotten. We have *The Christian Treasury, containing contributions from ministers and members of various evangelical denominations*. (Johnston and Hunter.)—We commend this, and also the *Family Treasury* (Nelson) as especially fitted for the Sabbath hour; they are sufficiently distinct to lie side by side on the same table; they are full of life and light, and very bright and acceptable words for the vacant hours of pious folk. With these also the *Sunday Magazine, Edited by Thomas Guthrie* (Strahan)—*Good Words, Edited by Norman Macleod, D.D.* (Strahan)—and *Christian Work*, a magazine of religious missionary information—all these three magazines deserve a continued, loving, and very hearty greeting. Each holds its own audience, they emanate from the same house, but not one interferes with the other. The *Good Words* still occupies a place in which literature of a higher and more general character is harmonized with religious influence. The *Sunday Magazine* comes professedly to elevate the religious feelings, and to make them wise, and believing, and catholic; and *Christian Work* really has a monopoly; we know no other such magazine for informing us of what is being done for Christ all over the globe.

OF all periodicals for children there is none so loveable and delightful as *The Children's Friend*. (Seeley & Co.)—The children have many of these bright pictorial pages, but of them

all this is the best, in illustrations and in editing. We have here Volume V.—a truly beautiful nursery annual.

WITHOUT this, *The Theological Works of the Rev. John Howard Hinton, M.A., Vol. VII. Ecclesiastical and Theological Pieces* (Houlston & Wright).—The collected works of Mr. Hinton would have been singularly incomplete; this volume, in fact, contains some of his most interesting pieces. His "Lectures on National Religious Establishments," "The Voluntary Principle brought to the Test of Experience in the United States," His Essays on "Human Nature," and several other smaller Essays, among the most essential for obtaining an adequate view of Mr. Hinton's literary history, and development of religious thought.

A VERY good and pointed little book for the table of devotional books, is *Gems of Thought for Every Day in the Year from the writings of an eminent Divine of the Seventeenth Century* (Simpkin & Marshall).

A PLEASANT little collection of various and varied papers is *Life's Everlasting Victory. By the Rev. W. Kennedy Moore, M.A.* They are pensive meditative papers, evidently the writing of an amiable, thoughtful, faithful man; also there are verses at the close of the volume, of which we may, at any rate, say we wish a hundredth part of the volumes of poetry which reach us, were a hundredth part as good. This unpretending little book is far more interesting and profitable than thousands of volumes ushered before the public, with the advertisers' blaze of trumpets and roll of drums. Whether Mr. Kennedy Moore talks to us *in the Woods, or off the Cape of Storms, or under Italian Skies, or beneath Midnight Shadows, or of Tyrian Grandeur, or of Monumental Marble*, his words are quiet, and therefore quieting; they breathe a poet's temperament, and a Christian, heartfelt peace in believing. Volumes of stories for children lie before us: *Little Harry's Troubles, or Story of Gipsy Life, by the Author of the Story of a Bee and his Friends* (Johnstone, Hunter, & Co.) Lyntonville; or, *the Irish Boy in Canada* (Religious Tract Society). *The Children of Cloverley, by the Author of Enoch Roden's Training and Ferns' Hollow* (Religious Tract Society)—quite unexceptionable, lively, not only by the words, but by the pictures, are these three bright additions to little libraries for the young people.